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New York "Sun"
Oct. 22, 1906

Leopold and the Congo Infamy.

There are at last strong indications that the national conscience of Belgium has been aroused to the atrocities which have been committed in the Congo Free State and that a determined effort will be made to put an end to them by the Belgian Chamber of Deputies in its approaching session. The day has gone by when Belgians were disposed to regard the revolting crimes imputed to the agents of their sovereign as British calumnies. That they have awakened to the shocking truth and recognized their duty in the premises is evident from the testimony, collected exclusively from Belgian sources, which is presented in the October number of the *National Review*.

The main document relied upon is the report of the commission of inquiry which the Government of the Congo State was forced by international indignation to despatch in the autumn of 1904 to investigate the condition of affairs on the spot and to propose remedies for such evils as might be found to exist. This report, which was published in November, 1905, constitutes the gravest indictment of the Congo administration, and the damnable effect of it is increased by the comments and conclusions of competent Belgian authorities, and especially by members of the Belgian Chamber during the debates which took place in March of this year. These representatives of Belgian sentiment include Catholics as well as Liberals, Conservatives as well as Socialists, professors and Deputies from the French speaking as well as the Flemish speaking portions of Belgium, and we should add that many of them were originally zealous defenders of King LEOPOLD'S colonial enterprise, which was launched with the pretended philanthropic aim of suppressing slavery and improving the physical and moral well being of the native tribes in Central Africa.

The first question dealt with in the report of the commission of inquiry is that of land tenure, which, in truth, is fundamental. Of the huge area of the Congo State, computed at 900,000 square miles, about one-half forms the *domaine privé*, or, as King LEOPOLD has lately rechristened it, the *domaine national*. Another large slice, containing some of the most valuable rubber forests in the State, forms the *domaine de la couronne*, and is practically treated by the King as his own private property. Other tracts of land, almost equally vast, have been handed over to chartered companies styled *sociétés concessionnaires*, in which, however, the Congo State retains a controlling interest as the holder of more than half the shares. The point to observe is that under whichever of these categories a given section of the Congo State may happen to fall, the method of administration is the same.

Everywhere the rights of the natives in the land have been eliminated ruthlessly, except as regards individual ownership of huts in villages and the small cultivated plots immediately adjoining them. The consequences of this wholesale confiscation are thus described by the commission of inquiry:

"As the greater portion of the land in the Congo region is not cultivated, the interpretation of the words 'vacant lands' concedes to the State an absolute and exclusive ownership over virtually the whole of the soil, with the result that it can itself dispose solely of all the products of the soil, prosecute as a poacher any one who takes from that soil the least of its fruits, or as a receiver of stolen goods any one who receives such fruits, and finally,

It can forbid any one to establish himself on the greater part of the territory."

The iniquity of this system will be patent when we recall that the Congo State practically depends for its financial existence on the exploitation of the rubber forests which cover a great part of its area. The *National Review* points out that for some years past more than 80 per cent. of the exports from the Congo have consisted solely of rubber; and as the natives have been robbed of all their rights and there is no legitimate incentive left to induce them to work, the State has been driven to fall back on forced labor and coercion of the most revolting character in order to secure the exploitation of the forests. What means are employed to exercise coercion were set forth by M. VANDERVELDE in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies. The means are, first, the chicotte, or hippopotamus whip, which leaves bloody weals on the bodies of those upon whom it is used; secondly, servile labor imposed upon the chiefs; thirdly, the seizing of hostages, and, what is more terrible than all, the black soldiers of the *force publique*, whose intervention is indispensable to the working of the system. The report of the commission testifies that these black auxiliaries, especially those who are stationed in the villages, abuse the authority given to them, make themselves into despots, and claim the women and food, not only for themselves but for the bands of parasites and ruffians which the love of rapine associates with them; they kill without pity all individuals who attempt to withstand their exigencies and whims. The worst lot of all is that of the unfortunate natives of a village which offers resistance for the moment successful. Such a village becomes the victim of a so-called punitive expedition whose weapons are wholesale conflagration and massacre.

The commission of inquiry was inclined to attribute the worst outrages to the absence of effective white supervision over the black troops. M. LORAND, however, a member of the Liberal party, was constrained to produce in the Chamber of Deputies the instructions sent by a commandant to a subordinate white official, who was ordered to inform the natives of a particular village that if they cut another rubber vine they would be exterminated to the last man. The report of the commission of inquiry itself showed that the blame for the frightful abuses should not be placed solely on secondary officials, but that higher authorities were involved. It acknowledged that the administration of justice in the Congo State has failed lamentably to exercise restraint on the perpetration of execrable crimes. The commission found that often prosecutions begun against white men accused of ill treating natives had been quashed through administrative interference.

As regards remedies, the commission of inquiry recommended a broad and liberal interpretation and application of the laws affecting land tenure, the enforcement of the law limiting the imposition of forced labor to forty hours a month, the suppression of the system of sentries and the carrying of arms by the black guards, the withdrawal from the trading companies of the right to employ coercion, the regulating of military expeditions, and the abolition of military interference with the judiciary.

Practically nothing has been done by King LEOPOLD to carry out these recommendations. The report was referred to a packed commission of fourteen members, nine of whom were officials of the incriminated administration or corporations. The sole outcome of this commission up to the present time has been a letter signed by three implicated members, in which the recommendations of the commission of inquiry are either ignored or whittled down or rendered illusory by conditions and reservations.

King Leopold's Administration Defended
by Consul-General Whiteley.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: I ask you to publish this letter for the purpose of correcting errors into which I think you have fallen in an editorial of October 22 upon the Government of the Congo Free State, based upon an article in the *National Review*. I ask only enough of your space to call attention to two points.

In the first place, I wish to say that in Belgium, from which I have just returned, public opinion upholds and approves of King Leopold's administration of the Congo. Opposition to the King's régime is limited to a small band of Socialists and malcontents who never lose an opportunity to speak evil of anything that may be considered the personal work of the King. Go where you will in Belgium outside of this narrow circle and you find that the Belgian people, from the most distinguished statesmen down to the small shopkeepers, stand solidly by the King in his colonial enterprise, and speak with admiration and gratitude of the great work he has accomplished for Belgium and for civilization in the Congo. The views of the discontented gentlemen should not be taken too seriously. They ought not to be considered as representing the general sentiments of the Belgian Parliament or of the Belgian people. Take, for example, Mr. Vandervelde's speech upon the Congo Free State delivered in Hyde Park last July. Immediately after members of the Belgian Parliament of weight and influence who were in London at the time, including such men as Senator Wiener, M. Nerinx, the Vice-President of the House, and M. Carton de Wiart, publicly denounced Vandervelde's views and proclaimed their confidence in the King's administration of the Congo and their admiration of the way in which he handled the difficulties of colonial government.

In the second place, I wish to call your attention to an error in supposing that "practically nothing has been done" to carry out the recommendations of the commission which investigated the Congo. As a matter of fact, everything has been done. The commissioners in their report said that the King had accomplished a great work in introducing civilization into Africa in the short space of twenty years; that his administration there compared favorably with any other colonial government in Africa; but that, of course, as in all Governments, certain reforms could be introduced. They recommended, as you have stated, a broader interpretation of the land laws, the strict enforcement of the law in regard to the limitation of the tax on labor, the suppression of the sentry system, the withdrawal from the trading companies of the right to employ coercion, the regulation of military expeditions and the extension of the judicial system.

The King has acted very promptly on these recommendations, and by the decrees of June 3, 1906, he has granted these reforms. They are not on paper only, but are being put into execution as rapidly as possible throughout the whole extent of the Congo Free State, which occupies a territory about one-third the size of the United States.

There is no doubt of the good faith of the Congo administration in carrying out these reforms. Practical statesmanship, as well as humanitarian principles, dictates a policy of mildness and justice toward the native, so that he may dwell in peace and quietness, with no grievances against the Government, and may thus become a useful factor in working out his own salvation and in helping to introduce civilization into central Africa.

JAMES GUSTAVUS WHITELEY,
Consul-General, Congo Free State.
BALTIMORE, October 25.

As a matter of fact, the Congo State—which only by a ghastly misuse of language can be described as "Free"—has ceased to be a State in the ordinary acceptance of the term, and has become practically a huge "plantation," recklessly exploited for King LEOPOLD by methods which differ only in name from slave labor, and which are far more atrociously wasteful of human life than any that ever were followed in the British or Spanish West Indies. Experience has shown that nothing in the way of amendment can be expected from the sovereign, to whom in 1885 the Berlin Conference incautiously conceded a privileged position in Central Africa. He is incorrigible by appeals to humanity and decency.

It remains to be seen how the Belgian Parliament will deal with him in the session now close at hand. If it fails to hold him to a strict account for the iniquities which he has upheld and by which he has profited, it will remain for the civilized nations which took part in the Berlin Conference to act. As King LEOPOLD was warned not long ago by a Flemish Deputy belonging to the most conservative and catholic wing of the Government party: "The day will come when the light of truth will be thrown upon the Congo and you will be plunged in darkness. For truth is comparable to steam, which when compressed acquires greater force. Beware of the explosion, for it will destroy you."

New York "Sun", Oct. 27, 1906

Reply to Whiteley,
New York "Sun"

Oct. 27' 1906

The Congo Crime Cannot Be White-washed.

We print elsewhere an attempt to defend King LEOPOLD's administration of the Congo State by the Consul-General of that country to the United States. It will be observed that the apologist makes two assertions: First, that Belgian public opinion approves of the existing régime in the Congo region, opposition being confined to a small band of Socialists; and secondly, that efficient measures have been taken to carry out the recommendations of the commission which investigated the condition of the so-called Free State. Let us look at the evidence on which the assertions are based.

By way of proving that public opinion in Belgium is favorable to King LEOPOLD's management of the Congo country the Consul-General says that when Mr. VANDERVELDE—in the speech delivered in Hyde Park last summer—denounced the atrocities perpetrated by the exploiters of the rubber forests other members of the Belgium Parliament who happened to be in London at the time came forward to the defence of their sovereign. That is true. There is no doubt that hitherto many reputable Belgians, wishing to shield the good name of their nation and their sovereign, have tried to parry the charges brought against the administration of the Congo Free State. Such apologists have even been able to muster in times past a majority of the Belgian Parliament. The question is, How long will the Belgian Parliament continue to uphold the King in his iniquity? We have previously set forth reasons for believing that LEOPOLD can no longer rely on the support or connivance of his subjects.

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The Consul-General is mistaken in asserting that in Belgium opposition to the administration of the Congo State is confined to a small band of "Socialists and malcontents." As a matter of fact, it was a Deputy belonging to the Catholic, or Government, party in the Belgium Chamber whose voice was raised six months ago to arraign "the conspiracy against truth which since 1895 has been organized from top to bottom under well high inconceivable conditions in order to hide the crimes committed on the Congo." No Socialist either, but a conspicuous member of the Liberal party, is M. LORAND, who in the debate on the subject last March produced the most damning evidence against the Congo administration. No Socialist, again, but on the contrary a representative of the most conservative and Catholic wing of the Government party, is M. DAENS, who made an eloquent appeal to his fellow Deputies for justice and mercy in the Congo. No Socialist, but a Liberal Monarchist, who at first followed with no little sympathy the progress of the Congo State, is M. CATTIER, professor of colonial jurisprudence at the University of Brussels, whose book on the Congo situation is the most exhaustive and incisive criticism on the facts recently brought to light by the Commission of Inquiry. No Socialist either, but a Catholic, is Father VERMEERSCH, who in his work on the "Question Congolaise" arrives at much the same conclusions as M. CATTIER.

As for the statement that the recommendations made by the Commission of Inquiry have been carried out by King LEOPOLD, we find no proof of it in the text of the royal decrees which purport to introduce reforms in the Congo administration. Whether the reforms demanded by the Commission of Inquiry

New York "Sun"

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and ostensibly granted by the sovereign shall be executed is left optional with the executive officials. Thus the Governor-General or District Commissioner is not ordered but "authorized" to allot to each native village a superficial area three times as large as the land now occupied by it. As regards the forced labor which natives are compelled to give in lieu of taxes, this, according to one article, must in no case exceed forty hours per month, but under another article may on one pretext or another be extended to three months. It is indeed the immense latitude conceded to subordinate agents that constitutes the characteristic vice of the Congo administration. The new decrees, like those which they supersede, are on their face inspired by a humanitarian purpose. As the Commissioner of Inquiry pointed out, it has never been so much the laws of the Congo State which have been at fault as the spirit in which they have been administered. It is the ghastly contrast between professions and performances which has aroused the indignation of the world.

It may be that the event will justify the prediction made by King LEOPOLD'S apologists that the Belgian Chamber of Deputies will make no effort to put an end to the misgovernment of the Congo. In a letter accompanying the recent decrees the sovereign asserts that the Chamber has no right to interfere and never will have until it comes to an agreement with him to take over the Congo State during his lifetime or accepts it in accordance with testamentary provisions after his death. Something, however, the Belgian Parliament can unquestionably do to free itself from the responsibility for the crimes committed in the Congo region: It can require the Belgian Government to recall every official and every commissioned or non-commissioned officer whom it has lent to the Congo State. By such an act the Belgian people would relieve themselves from the stigma of solidarity with their sovereign and would relegate him to be dealt with by the Powers that took part in the Berlin Conference and that have a duty to discharge in the name of civilization and humanity.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

Newman's Ecclesiastical Position When He Wrote the Hymn.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: "B. D., Oxon." says that Cardinal Newman wrote "Lead, Kindly Light" when he was travelling in Italy, probably in the summer of 1843. This is an error. The poem was written June 16, 1833. Newman tells us that he was becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio while going to Marseilles. It was then that the illustrious writer penned the famous poem, while yet a Protestant.

I hardly think that "B. D., Oxon." is correct when he says that the Cardinal then contemplated leaving the Church of England for the Church of Rome, because Keble's sermon on "National Apostasy," which began the Oxford movement, was not preached till July, 1833, and Newman did not join the Church till October 8, 1845. He tells us in his "Apologia" that in 1832 and 1833 he thought the Church of Rome was bound up with the cause of Antichrist, and he adds that he shrank from renouncing the notion that some special reproach attached to Rome's name until 1843. Hence Newman did not in 1833 contemplate becoming a Catholic.

I am sure it would interest the readers of THE SUN to know Newman's views on the nature of poetry. After saying that John Keble made the Church of England poetical, he adds:

It is sometimes asked whether poets are not more commonly found external to the Church than among her children; and it would not surprise us to find the question answered in the affirmative. Poetry is the refuge of those who have not the Catholic Church to flee to and repose upon, for the Church herself is the most sacred and august of poets.

Poetry, as Keble lays it down in his university lectures on the subject, is a method of relieving the overburdened mind: It is a channel through which emotion finds expression, and that a safe regulated expression. Now, what is the Catholic Church viewed in her human aspect but a discipline of the affections and passions? What are her ordinances and practices but the regulated expression of keen or deep or turbid feeling, and thus cleansing, as Aristotle would word it, of a sick soul? She is the poet of her children; full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward—wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that gentle and delicate feelings, which will not bear words, may in silence intimate their presence or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry, every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the mitre, the thurible, is a fulfilment of some dream of childhood or aspiration of youth.

Such poets as are born under her shadow she takes into her service; she sets them to write hymns or compose chants, or to embellish shrines, or to determine ceremonies, or to marshal processions; nay, she can even make schoolmen of them, as she made St. Thomas, till logic becomes poetical.

I believe "B. D., Oxon." has not grasped the reason why Catholics do not sing Newman's celebrated hymn. Would it not be perfectly ridiculous for Catholics to sing a hymn which does not express Catholic sentiment or Catholic thought?

G. A. FORBES, M. D.
TRENTON, October 25.

Cure for Sleeping Sickness.

It will be the greatest boon to tropical Africa since the European occupancy if a remedy has at last been found for sleeping sickness. The hope that this is true is based upon the report from Brussels that two white men from the Congo, who were admitted to the sanitarium at Watermael in an advanced stage of the disease, are announced to have been entirely cured by treatment based upon the simultaneous use of atoxyl and strychnine.

White men had not been attacked by the disease until within the past year, but several Europeans living in the infested regions have recently been numbered among the victims. As for the natives, no plague has ever afflicted them with such terrible results. It is over ten years since it first appeared on the Congo. It had been known for a half century further north on the west coast, but never secured a firm foothold there. Its eastward advance, however, has been steady up the Congo and to the northern shores of Victoria Nyanza. On the Congo and in Uganda it has claimed about a hundred thousand victims. The person attacked by sleeping sickness has been doomed. For six years the scientific skill of Europe had been enlisted in the search for a remedy, but none was found and no patient was known to recover.

About three years ago the cause of the disease was discovered in Uganda. It was found to be due to a variety of the tsetse fly, whose bite introduced the fatal bacteria that poisoned the blood and induced the lethargy, stupor and other phases of the disease that always resulted in death. This discovery has naturally resulted in some diminution of the number of cases, for the haunts of the fly have been avoided and the war made upon it has perhaps decreased its numbers. The habitat of the insect seems to be confined to the marshy edges of rivers or lakes, and its distribution is thus restricted to territory that may have large linear extent but no great width. It will be a blessing to all the white enterprises in these regions as well as a mercy to the natives if an effective remedy has now been found.

A Strange Tongue.

Philologists and others are respectfully invited to consider certain specimens of language contained in a Chicago despatch to the *Cleveland Leader*. No foreigners need apply:

"He had the Indian sign on the Cubs.

"BROWN went into the mess with little more than his glove and a stock of *Terre Haute sangroid*.

"The giant rescuer cleaned up the round.

"They combed BROWN and his legatee fourteen times for long and short ones.

"Four of the five swats were scratches.

"To Dr. WHITE is due a royal diadem of curry-combs to top off the horse blankets.

"DAN O'LEARY said IZZY would go off his bean.

"His slender hurling stem had been twisted.

"The shadowgraph pitching by WHITE was too mystic.

"Following the swipe that started the merry-ground.

"To the victors belong the horse blankets. Also about \$1,400 each in real money, which will eke out quite a bit on the doughnut circuit.

"Another bug oozed into the portals."

Is this Basque? Is it Goose Island Greek? Is it plain Chicagoese? If it is merely a floating local dialect, we appeal to the Hon. BATH HOUSE JOHN, author of "*Dear Midnight of Love*" and other immortal masterpieces, to fix it and make it classical. Meanwhile, a dictionary of it should be compiled.

A full registration up the State, particularly in the manufacturing towns, is greatly to be desired, and the Republican managers should give the matter their earnest attention. The registration for the first two days of the election was a failure. The *Hearst* but

THE PRESBYTE

REV. JOS. E. NASSAU, D. D.

The death of Rev. Joseph E. Nassau, D.D., of Warsaw, N.Y., occurred on Wednesday morning, February 21st.

Dr. Nassau's health had been failing for several years, and his friends had been solicitous, fearing his church work was too constant and great a strain upon his strength, but he faithfully continued his work, expressing the wish that God's call might find him at his post—and this wish seemed vividly fulfilled a year ago last fall, when the first serious attack of his illness came upon him as he sat in his chair at the weekly prayer meeting. He was tenderly carried from this his last service in the church he so dearly loved, and has since been cheerfully waiting, thanking God each day for freedom from pain.

Dr. Nassau was born in Norristown, Pa., March 12th, 1827, and was the eldest son of Rev. C. W. Nassau, D. D. He graduated at Lafayette College in 1846, and remained for two years as tutor in the college, subsequently becoming classical instructor in the ~~Literary Institute~~ at Lawrenceville, N. J. In 1849 he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1852, having been licensed to preach one year previous to his graduation. In 1853 he established a female seminary at Wilkesbarre, Pa., resigning the principalship after two years, to enter upon the work of the pastorate.

Dr. Nassau came to Warsaw in 1855, and was unanimously chosen pastor of the Presbyterian church in September and was installed October 24th of that year. His long pastorate, one of the longest in Western New York, ended in the year which commemorated the thirty-eighth anniversary of his call to the Presbyterian Church of Warsaw, his first and only charge.

Dr. Nassau was unanimously chosen Moderator of the Synod of the State of New York at its meeting in Elmira a few years ago. At another time he was one of the clerks of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. He was frequently sent as delegate to Synod and General Assembly, always occupying a prominent position in ecclesiastical bodies.

Since the organization of the Presbytery of Genesee he has been stated clerk, and during the thirty-four years in this office has never missed but one meeting. His resignation took place a few months ago, when his resignation as pastor was also accepted.

Dr. Nassau was married October 16th, 1856, to Elizabeth W., daughter of the late Dr. Augustus Frank. This devoted wife, who has been untiring in her loving care for Dr. Nassau, also the daughters, Mrs. Z. J. Lusk and Mrs. W. E. Miller, have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement. Much sympathy is felt for Dr. Nassau's sister, Miss Belle Nassau; also for the brother, Dr. R. H. Nassau, who have returned to their mission work in Africa. Beside these two, Dr. Nassau leaves a brother, Charles Nassau, of New York, and four sisters, Mrs. Wells, of Peekskill, N. Y.; Mrs. Lowrie, of Warrior's Mark, Pa.; Mrs. Swan and Mrs. Gosman, of New Jersey.

Dr. Nassau's ability as a preacher, his readiness when called upon in emergencies, his tact in tried positions, are well understood and acknowledged by all who have known him and recognized the value and power of his remarkably well-developed mind. Every one found a friend in Dr. Nassau, and no demand upon his time or services, which it was in his power to grant, ever met with a refusal. His beautiful Christian life has seemed a benediction and in his death he will yet speak to his people.

The funeral was held at the Presbyterian Church on Friday afternoon, the 23d ult.

High school

Nov. 1906

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...ative Game. Tennessee to-
introduced a bill to pay members of
Congress \$7,000 annually and their actual
travelling expenses.

CAME HERE TO MARRY.

Peekskill Couple First to Wed in the New
Hotel Knickerbocker.

The first wedding in the new Hotel Knick-
erbocker, at Broadway and Forty-second
street, took place last night, when Charles

HERE FROM AFRICA TO W

Dr. Herbert P. Kirby Will Take
Bride Back to Mission Work.

Dr. Herbert P. Kirby, who recently re-
turned from three years' missionary
work in the Congo Free State, West Af-
rica, to wed Miss Mary E. Reeves, of
Camden, N. J., recites many horrible
tales of the atrocities perpetrated on the
savage natives of the land by the agents
of the Belgian Government. Speaking of
his personal experience in the country, he
says:-

"Leopold, King of the Belgians, de-
rives enormous revenue from the rub-
ber trade in the Congo Free State and
the natives work to produce the output
profitably as slaves. The greater the
cruelty of the official the more money
he makes, and a favorite plan of punish-
ment on a district which has failed to
produce its allotted share of rubber con-
sists in giving to soldiers a certain num-
ber of cartridges to go out and shoot
the head men of the offending villages.
Feeling the cupidity of the soldiers, the
officials hit upon the plan of keeping
check upon them and require that for
each cartridge given to a man he must
bring back the right hand of his victim.
I have seen these 'disciplinary' parties
return with basket loads of shrivelled
hands of the unfortunate natives."

After his wedding to Miss Reeves at
the Fifth Baptist Church, Camden, next
Wednesday, Dr. Kirby will return to
Africa, his bride accompanying him.

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A Bishop on Prelacy.

The Bishop of Carlisle, in the *Hibbert Journal*, thus reflects upon some of the claims of Episcopacy:

"Are the three Orders of the Christian ministry clearly laid down in the New Testament? That they may be inferred from the Apostolic writings is, to my mind, perfectly clear. But an inference is not a proof. It may be a probability sufficiently strong to be a guide. Great Biblical scholars within the Church of England, like Bishop Lightfoot, do not hold Episcopacy a fact established in the New Testament; and a whole host of great Biblical scholars outside the Episcopal Churches go the length of affirming that only two, and not three, Orders of the Christian ministry were recognized by the Apostles. This being so, however dearly we prize the historic succession of the Episcopate, can we reasonably maintain that it is indispensable to the validity of the Word and Sacraments? Can we maintain that Sacraments are always acceptable to God when ministered by men devoted to Episcopacy, and otherwise always unacceptable? Acceptable when ministered by a Cæsar Borgia, and unacceptable when ministered by a Richard Baxter? To do this is to grant higher sacramental preference to immoral monsters than to acknowledged saints; to put all Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Quakers and many others outside the reach of a valid Holy Communion while at the same time we know of a surety that God the Holy Ghost is richly blessing them in their bodies, souls and spirits, in their work and worship, and, above all, in their holy zeal for Foreign Missions."

street, and was single.

DR. HAMILL'S LIFE WORK EULOGIZED

FINE ORATIONS AT UNVEILING
OF HIS PORTRAIT AT LAW-
RENCEVILLE SCHOOL.

CLASS OF '08 IS GRADUATED

A breath of the atmosphere which surrounded Lawrenceville decades ago pervaded the exercises of the school yesterday as the twenty-fifth anniversary was being celebrated in conjunction with the graduation ceremonies.

William M. Sloane, Ph. D., LL. D., of Columbia university, delivered the Founder's day address in Memorial hall, where the exercises were held. He presented a history of the institution from the time of its foundation by the residuary legatees of the John C. Green estate.

Dr. Sloane touched on the association of John C. Green with Princeton university and the correlation of the men who were at this time connected with the two institutions.

The Rev. John Dixon, D. D., of the board of trustees of Lawrenceville school, delivered the invocation, and then Henry W. Green, of Trenton, president of the board of trustees, introduced General Alfred A. Woodhull, of Princeton, who presented, on behalf of Mrs. Samuel M. Hamill, a portrait of the late Rev. Samuel M. Hamill, D. D., who was in charge of the Lawrenceville school from 1838 to 1888. Dr. Hamill became principal and proprietor of the Lawrenceville school, then the Lawrenceville Classical and Commercial High school, in 1839, and from that time until 1881, each year showed a growth and a development, until the school became, under his management, one of the best known in the country. Dr. Hamill became head master of the school when it was taken over on the Green foundation in 1882 and served in that capacity until 1883, when he became trustee, remaining so till his death. General Woodhull graduated from Lawrenceville in 1854 and his remarks were based on personal relations with Dr. Hamill.

DR. HAMILL EULOGIZED.

As he unveiled the portrait, General Woodhull said: "Dr. Hamill was the guiding hand and head of the old school. He was its bullder and governor. Dr. Hamill will always be regarded with deep respect by the pupils under him and those who knew him. It is the influence which radiated during the 50 years of his regime that has developed an institution which the Green foundation replaced."

Henry W. Green made the response on behalf of the board of trustee. He spoke as follows:

"In behalf of the board of trustees, I accept this portrait, the gift of Mrs. Hamill, with a keen sense of the fitness of its presence here and a deep pleasure in its possession. It cannot fail to be a source of delight to those who were fortunate enough to know Dr. Hamill as he lived and worked here to see again that genial, kindly countenance here so faithfully portrayed, and to call to mind memories of by-gone days, redolent with associations, in which the guiding, moulding spirit of the place played an enduring part, for Dr. Hamill was no ordinary man. Kindly, courteous and gracious, as he always was, there was that in his personality which never failed to impress those who knew him with the fact that behind it all there was a latent fire, force and energy which only required the occasion to bring it out. The Lawrenceville classical and commercial high school, under his able direction and management, became a power among the schools of this country, taking its place among those of the very first rank, and having amongst its scholars men who

CONTINUED ON NINTH PAGE

DR. HAMILL'S LIFE WORK EULOGIZED.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

were destined to be called to places of great distinction, influence and power, who to-day have cause to bless him for the high ideals he stood for and so successfully instilled. His work here is not done, for with the coming of this portrait, the influence of that strong but kindly face still lives to breathe a benediction from the silent canvas on many a Lawrenceville boy for years to come."

Dr. Sloane was next introduced. His address was a history of the 25 years which have followed the Green foundation. That Lawrenceville is a democratic institution with high ideals was strongly emphasized by Dr. Sloane. He said:

"The opulent classes of the United States contain many who never get buried under luxury and self-indulgence, but many are so overwhelmed almost of a necessity; amassing and keeping wealth too often exhausts moral effort. It takes a feverish activity to prevent the canker of selfishness on the soul. Likewise, the families of the opposite extreme have the gravest faults of envy, suspicion and greed; and poverty of any degree is no blessing. It takes all these things to make a real world and also to make a school world. A class school for rich or comfortable or poor is an abnormally undesirable thing in American life. And so we determined to have here the most American of American schools opening its doors to its grants to every boy who has the capacity and character, and closing them to all undesirables as far as known. The system of scholarships, varying in size according to need, so carefully and so generously guarded that the beneficiaries are aware only of the honor and responsibility, is, I declare without fear of contradiction, the best in the world. There is neither concealment nor proclamation, only the fine democracy of brotherhood. This was the initial arrangement of the earliest trustees, and, as far as I know, is peculiar to this place."

MR. GREEN PRESENTS DIPLOMAS.

Henry W. Green, president of the board of trustees, awarded the diplomas to the members of the graduating class, and then Dr. Simon J. McPherson, headmaster of the school, announced the head boy of the year in scholarship. He is George J. Stockley, of Lakewood. W. E. Munk, of Indianapolis, Ind., was second, and W. H. Haines, of Englewood, third, with E. D. Smith, of Kingsley, Kan.; A. Wells, of New York city, and C. H. Shons, of Washingtonville, N. Y., honorable mention. Shons and Munk were also commended for their scholarship and all around athletic work.

The school sang "In Olden Days," a Lawrenceville composition, and the valedictory by John H. Hancock, of Utah, followed. Erle E. Devlin, of Michigan, gave the fifth form mantle speech, and Robert S. Hendrickson, of New Jersey, the fourth form mantle speech.

SANG FAREWELL SONG.

At the close of the exercises the boys of the fifth form sang, to the air of "My Old Kentucky Home," their farewell song.

During the afternoon many class reunions were held on the campus and the Second Regiment band played many selections.

In the throng of visitors were the following Trentonians: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh H. Hamill, Barker G. Hamill, Hugo Hamill, Miss Mathilde Hamill, Mr. and Mrs. Barker Gummere, Rev. S. M. Studdiford, Rev. and Mrs. Daniel R. Foster, Dr. and Mrs. William A. Clarke, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Mary Stokes and Miss Carrie Stokes.

The ushers, all members of next year's class, were: R. B. Dort, J. V. Heyniger, I. H. Larom, W. G. Luke, F. B. Richardson and A. M. Wheeler.

12.

Schmaltz
"Evening Star"
2 June 13 1904

COMPANY F AT DINNER

Washington Continentals Celebrate
38th Anniversary
of Muster Day

A sumptuous repast was served at the Hotel Edison last evening in commemoration of the mustering into the State service of the Washington Continentals. Company F, second regiment. The dinner was given also in honor of the officers, Captain Albert Wells, Lieutenant J. Scott But-ton and Lieutenant C. C. Duryee and the first rifle team of Company F, as a token of their meritorious work in small arms practice.

13

Dr. Charles W. Duryee acted as toastmaster and succeeded in rounding out throughout the evening many a hearty laugh with humorous introductory stories interspersed here and there, oftentimes at the expense of some of those present.

Dr. Duryee introduced General Charles L. Davis, U. S. A., retired, formerly colonel of the Fifth U. S. Infantry, as the first speaker. General Davis was down for a toast on "The Militia and Old Glory." He said: "I have told you on more than one occasion that I am not much of an orator," but after he had recited James Whitcomb Riley's beautiful poem, "Old Glory," there was not one present but voted the laurels of the evening to him. He explained in detail the effect and purposes of the Dick bill, and told how it provided for the better equipping of the militia so that now they were equipped exactly the same as the regulars, declaring that the signing of this famous bill on May 25, marked a new era for the organized militia of the United States." With very little effort," said General Davis, "the regular army can now be raised to 100,000 and the militia as organized at present has about 115,000, so that should there be war the Federal government could instantly call upon 215,000 men." The general was applauded greatly as he concluded his remarks. During his recital of the beautiful poem "Old Glory" he rose to the loftiest heights of oratory.

4
By Another Correspondent

1909
1910

There are many people in Barnegat who remember with affection Miss Mary B. Foster, who in 1878 organized the Barnegat Young Ladies Seminary. After conducting this institution very successfully for three years, she became the wife of Rev. R. H. Nassau, M. D., with whom she went as a missionary to Africa. Those who were Miss Foster's pupils during those three years have had recollections of her revived by the story of her life recently published by her husband in a volume entitled, "The Path She Trod." It is the record of a beautiful and most influential life. Miss Foster while in Barnegat was an earnest worker in the Presbyterian church which had been organized but two or three years before her coming. Her school was held in what is now the Sunday-school room of the church. The warmest possible affection sprang up between her and her pupils. It could not well have been otherwise, since she took them to her self and made their interests her own. It is not strange that when she sailed from Philadelphia for Africa in October of 1881 Barnegat friends were among the company who gathered on the deck of the vessel to say good-bye. Her missionary work, however, in far-away Africa was to be but a brief one. It was a sad day for those who loved her when about three years later the news came that she had passed away. From her West African home by the banks of the Ogowe River she passed to another by the River of life. It would be hard to find the record of a life in this shore region which has been so peculiarly and permanently influential for good, as that of the noble woman whose life's story is told in this volume.

THE SUFFRAGETTE QUESTION.

It is an admitted axiom in the modern discussion of civic ethics, that the possession of special privilege always involves special duty.

The enjoyment of sight demands guidance for the sightless. The possession of means involves care for the destitute. The holding of office calls for the performance of the duties involved—and generally special privilege always implies special obligation. We cannot accept the one and decline the other. This is a fixed law in civic relationship, and if the duty involved is permanently ignored, the privilege will ultimately be lost.

In human society there are necessarily positions of honor, but each one has its corresponding duty. Where the office and the duty go side by side, they mutually uphold each other, but when the duty is neglected, the office soon loses all its dignity and honor.

Now when in a free, intelligent community the necessary offices are fittingly filled, the best good of all will be secured. Where such is the case in accord with the natural order of things, there will be stability and permanence; otherwise evil results will, in the end, certainly follow.

In the constitution of our Republic the sound judgment of our forefathers placed the power of the ballot in the hands of those who should be called upon to defend and uphold the state.

They saw that it was the soldier upon whom reliance must be placed in our present imperfect social organization, and hence they gave the suffrage to those who must meet this duty.

In the very nature of things the right to vote carries with it the duty of the soldier and of all the rougher work of life that requires force and endurance.

By structure then and strength this devolves upon man, *not by any choice of his own, but by divine ordering*, while woman by her whole structure is evidently adapted for a different and actually higher sphere.

To ignore then the realities of life, and to throw upon the more delicately constituted one rougher and courser duties, would seem to be a perversion and wresting of natural conditions, which in the end can only result in harm to the whole community.

It may be said that in the present constitution of society there is too much courtesy and chivalry to allow woman to be called upon for ruder toils and occupations, but time and circumstance wear away finer feelings and usually leave only the ruder and harsher realities.

At all events for woman to give up her admittedly higher and more honored position as home maker, and try the precarious experiment of equal rights equal duties and equal obligations, would be a most disastrous risk, especially when at present all her true rights of property and person are fully protected by law.

No wonder then that the vastly larger proportion of the substantial and influential women of our land, regardless of a passing notoriety, are perfectly contented with their present position and privileges.

Feb. 1910. J. F. JENNISON.

Lebanon "Daily News"
March 21 1910.

PRICE ONE CENT.

DEATH CLAIMS REV. WEIDMAN

Passed Away On Sunday at
Atlantic City From
Pneumonia

NATIVE OF LEBANON

Was Born 72 years Ago in
Weidman Homestead,
Market Square

Rev. Dr. Jacob Weidman, of Clifton Heights, near Philadelphia, died on Sunday at Atlantic City, N. J., from pneumonia. For six weeks he had been a patient in the Presbyterian hospital, Philadelphia, suffering from the disease and had gone to the seashore to recuperate on March 11, only to suffer a relapse. With him at the shore was one of his sisters, Miss Helen Weidman, of Richmond, Va., who will bring the body here this evening for burial at Mt. Lebanon cemetery. Pending the arrival of Miss Weidman no arrangements for the funeral will be made.

BORN IN THIS CITY.

Dr. Weidman was a son of the late Jacob B. Weidman and was born 72 years ago in the Weidman homestead, now occupied by Dr. Joseph Lemberger, in Market Square. He prepared himself for the ministry at Gettysburg and Princeton Seminary. For a large number of years he was active in the Presbyterian church, charges which included the church, Baltimore, Md.; Bethlehem, Plymouth, and at the time of his last illness was serving as a supply. Dr. Weidman was a lecturer and a contributor to the magazines, being a prolific writer, and following his retirement from active service in the ministry he devoted most of his time to his literary work. More recently his sight became impaired as the result of the growth of a cataract of the eye.

THE SURVIVORS.

Although his ministerial duties took him away from the place of his birth, Dr. Weidman frequently returned here, as his affection for his old home was strong. He was never married and is survived by a brother, Barge C. Weidman, of Pottsville; and two sisters, Miss Helen Weidman and Mrs. Adolph Dill, both of Richmond, Va. Mrs. W. Morris Weidman, of this city, is a sister-in-law; Mrs. Martha Kline and Mrs. J. L. Hall, also of this city, are nieces while Grant Weidman, esq., Miss Elizabeth Weidman, Mrs. T. T. Lineaweaver and Mrs. W. G. Light, all of this city, are grand nephew and grand nieces respectively.

the heart had received. Many of the instances recorded in this second book are of the conversion of women, and from the viewpoint of psychology, the process is of intense interest. Many readers will dissent strongly from positions taken by the author in his prefatory chapter, in which he discusses certain conditions of religious life. But for the facts set down in the individual records, there can be only gratitude to the observer who has marked them so keenly, and pointed them out so convincingly.

* * *

"Corisco Days," "Tales out of School," by Robert Hamill Nassau, S.T.D. (Published by Allen, Lane and Scott. Obtainable from the author, Ambler, Pa.) Dr. Nassau gathers up, in these two small books, reminiscences of his own long continued labors in Africa, as well as bits of information concerning Africa and its life not easily obtainable elsewhere. The books form a valuable supplement to Dr. Nassau's great work on "Fetish," and give the reader a clearer notion of the actual life in the midst of which fetish-worship flourishes. The first of the two, "Corisco Days," recounts much of the history of the West African mission, and is most informing as to the simple details which make mission work and life seem real to the home reader. It is from such men as Dr. Nassau that we get first-hand information, and no one can have a clearer notion of what the missionary life and work are without knowing something of just these things that he has to tell. The second book, "Tales Out of School," gives glimpses of child-life and school work in the African mission, such as we have not seen anywhere else. These are the real thing, and will serve to make our young people understand the mission school work as nothing else could. Dr. Nassau says of them, "These Tales give an aspect of occurrences in church and school not usually presented in missionary letters. That the occurrences were actual I know, from my own observation, or from the testimony of Christian witnesses."

* * *

From PRESBYTERIAN
Address PHILADELPHIA
Date JUN 14 1911

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84

Rev. John Menaul was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, December 27, 1834. Coming to America a young man, he graduated from Lafayette College in 1865. Although not young in years, at that time he felt his call to service for the Master so strong that he went to Princeton Seminary and studied theology for two years. As he contemplated offering himself as a foreign missionary, he took one year of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania.

He was ordained by the Presbytery of North River in 1867, married Miss Harriett McMechan, and sailed for equatorial Africa. Here he labored for nearly three years in Corisco under the torrid heat, living much on quinine and struggling against the pestilential fevers of that unhealthy coast. It was during his work here that his two daughters, now Mrs. O. C. Shields and Mrs. C. T. Nicholson, were born. The severity of the climate soon took home his wife, and he himself was prostrate and it was necessary for him to return to America. In 1870 he went to the savage frontier of the United States, and spent four years among the Navajo Indians, and one year as physician to the Southern Apache Indians.

At Fort Wingate, he was married to Miss Charity Ann Gaston who was also a pioneer missionary in New Mexico. She also has passed to the reward awaiting those who have labored for the Lord. After 14 long years as missionary and physician to the Laguna Indians, he was invited to undertake work in Spanish, as stated supply of the Mexican churches in Albuquerque and Las Placitas, New Mexico.

While in Laguna he was interested in undertaking the publishing of Spanish work, and thus he was able to send a great number of tracts to mission stations, both at home and abroad, where Mission work for Mexicans was being carried on.

In the summer of 1904 he came to Hinton to make it his future home. In 1907 he was united in marriage to Miss Floretta Shields who had been a mission teacher among the Laguna Indians at the time of his residence among them. In 1908 he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and from that time has been a silent and patient sufferer, with a faith ever firm and a heart full of love and trust in his Lord and Savior. He entered into rest December 9, 1912, having lived 77 years and 13

Jan.

TELEPHONE 929 CHELSEA

Intended for

"O wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

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"ROMEIKE" NEW YORK

NEW YORK

*The First Established and Most Complete
Newspaper Cutting Bureaue in the World*

From *ST. LOUIS.*

Address

Date *JUN 13 1912*

THE YOUNGEST KING. The author, Robert Hamill Nassau, presents in this little book a delightfully sweet story of the visit of the wise men to the cradle in Bethlehem. The printer has done his work in an elegant manner. The book is a delight. It is published by the Westminster Press, Philadelphia, for 50 cents.

TELEPHONE 929 CHELSEA

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CABLE ADDRESS,
"ROMEIKE" NEW YORK

NEW YORK

*The First Established and Most Complete
Newspaper Cutting Bureaue in the World*

From *Chicago, Ill.*

Address *Chicago, Ill.*

Date *JUN 13 1912*

The Youngest King, by Robert Hamill Nassau. This is a story based upon the tradition that the Magi were made up of three kings each representing one of the great political divisions of the then known world. The youngest of these kings was Gasper, an African. He was a prince who, on the death of his father, refused to ascend the throne, claiming that he had heard voices that bade him find the true king far at the North. The kingdom is left in charge of a regency, while as a pilgrim he leaves the shores of the Nyanza, passes down the Nile and finally joins in the land of Moab a band of pilgrims, among whom are two other kings following a Star in search of the same Christ. They arrive at Bethlehem, see the Child, and return each to his own country. Gasper's kingdom in the meanwhile has passed into other hands. He dies, and his followers disperse among the people, only to carry out his teachings through the missions of modern times. The idea, as the reader will at once perceive, requires a pen of no ordinary skill. And in this the author is especially happy. His descriptions of the seas, deserts, mountains and forests of the great Southland it would be hard to surpass. This is a most delightful little book and a classic of its kind. (Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents net. postage. 5c)

Address

Intended for

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"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

Date

AUG 21 1912

Folk Tales From Africa.

WHERE ANIMALS TALK. By Robert H. Nassau. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

This collection of African folk stories is said by Mr. Nassau to have been made by him among the Bantu negroes. He accepts them as probably thousands of years old, and describes their narration at evening in villages or camps. His collection is made from three tribes whose dialects differ more or less, although all are Bantus. He believes them to have Arabic blood, and suggests that in their migrations they brought their stories with them from a place far northeast of their present habitat.

The stories themselves appear like the raw material from which the "Uncle Remus" stories as we have them from Joel Chandler Harris are made, but those told in this book are the rough originals, apparently translated as literally as possible, with all the repetitions and crudities. If this is the case, if they are faithful versions of real folk tales, they have a distinct value. In any case many of them are interesting. The leopard in this appears as the prototype of Bre'r Fox, and the tortoise in the place of Bre'r Rabbit. The same characters are alternately animals and men, and fabulous monsters. The tortoise, for instance, beats the leopard in competing in a trial of skill the reward of which is a rich merchant's daughter, but having won her he fears that he will be waylaid on his return by the leopard. The tests he met successfully are astonishing, but not half so astonishing as what he did to escape the wrath of the leopard. He took his wife, and with her slaves and goats and a variety of goods and set out, but after he had gone a little way he "swallowed all the things to hide them—wife, servants and all." But later the leopard compelled him to vomit them all up, so the tortoise was no better off in the end.

HENRY ROMEIKE, Inc.

106-110 Seventh Ave. N. Y. City

NEW YORK

CABLE ADDRESS.
"ROMEIKE" NEW YORK

The First Established and Most Complete

Altogether there are sixty-one stories, some of them being merely different versions of the same episode. Some of them seem to regard men and beasts as wholly similar parts of the life of the world, but a few make man a recognized enemy, and sometimes show how he was outwitted by the animals he sought to kill. There are two versions of the story which tells how the dog lost his human voice. There is an excellent story of the tug-of-war in which the tortoise outwits both the elephant and the hippopotamus by claiming equality. He offers to have a tug-of-war with each. It is so arranged that neither of the contestants can see the other, although this appears to be accidental, and the tortoise contrives that the two great beasts shall tug against each other while each supposes it is tugging with him. Neither wins, but the vine (which takes the place of a rope) breaks, and both are badly hurt when it gives way. The tortoise calls on each of them, being himself in prime condition, and makes each admit that he (the tortoise) has proved himself the equal of the other.

The book makes a very interesting collection of tales. Its value, apart from that, rests on the genuineness of the legends, and verity of the translation and on both these points there is assurance from long knowledge of the author. He was for 45 years a missionary in Africa, has been a student, explorer and translator, and has made scientific collections of real value. In this book he vouches for the authenticity of the legends, that is, for the correct reproduction in English of what he heard told as familiar bequests of the past.

Est

1884

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Voluntary
 Invocation
 Exology
 Lord's Prayer
 Psalter
 Hymn
 Scripture
 Prayer
 Hymn
 Offertory
 Anthem
 Sermon
 Prayer
 Hymn
 Benediction

*Presentations of
 Memorial Windows
 Lower Providence ch. Pa.
 April 14th 1912*

Voluntary
 Invocation
 Exology
 Lord's Prayer
 Psalter
 Scripture
 Prayer
 Hymn
 Offertory
 Anthem
 Sermon
 Solo - Mrs. Nassau
 Address - Dr. Nassau
 Prayer
 Solo - Mrs. Nassau
 Hymn
 Benediction

*Presentations Memorial
 Windows.
 Lower Providence ch. Pa.
 April 14th 1912*

HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

ARTICLE III.

BY THE REV. GEORGE H. INGRAM, CLERK OF THE PRESBYTERY

A memorial of the Rev. Walter A. Brooks, D. D., thirty years pastor of Prospect Street Church, Trenton; thirty-five years a clerk in Presbytery; twenty-five years stated clerk of the Synod of New Jersey.

This paper was read at the memorial service held in Presbytery at the meeting in Bethany Church, last Tuesday. At the same time there was also a memorial for the Rev. Samuel McLanahan, prepared by the Rev. Dr. Simon J. McPherson.

The Presbytery of New Brunswick pauses in its work this afternoon for a memorial service for one of its members, who, since the last meeting, was translated, on January 12, to the Father's house on high, after a continuous service of thirty-eight years in this one Presbytery.

On the eighth day of October, 1875, at a meeting of the Presbytery, at Pennington, there came a knocking at its door by a licentiate of the Presbytery of Bloomington, who that year had completed his studies in the Union Theological Seminary. It had been his intention to return to the West upon graduation. But there had come to him a call from a newly organized church on the outskirts of Trenton, and the officers pressed their claims with such earnestness, that the young man was in some perplexity of mind as to which way the Lord would have him turn. But when, for day after day, the Western call failed to come, he resolved that it was his duty to accept the New Jersey call. And, although the very next day the letter from the west came, for which he had been looking, yet having put his hand to the plow he would not turn back. And that spirit he held to the very end of his life on earth.

Walter Augustus Brooks, a son of the manse, was born August 2, 1849, in Leroy, Genesee County, New York. His father was the Rev. Asahel L. Brooks, Presbyterian minister in New York, Connecticut and Illinois. His mother was Sarah T. Warner of Leroy, N. Y., of Connecticut revolutionary ancestry, and said to be in the line of the Mayflower Pilgrims. He prepared for college in the Peoria, Illinois, public High School, and entered the University of Michigan in the class of 1868. Upon receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1872, he entered the class of 1875, in Union Theological Seminary.

He was licensed to preach during his middle year, 1874. Of the members of Presbytery when Licentiate Walter A. Brooks was received there are only three on the rolls today: The Rev. Isaac M. Patterson, Dr. George Macloskie and the Rev. Daniel R. Foster.

The ordination and installation service was held in Prospect Street Church, on October 14, 1875. The Rev. Abram Gosman, D. D., presided and, in the absence of the Rev. John Hall, D. D., through illness, also gave the charge to the pastor; the charge to the people was given by the Rev. Samuel Miller Studdiford, D. D.; the sermon was preached by the Rev. Ebenezer P. Rogers, D. D., of New York City, a minister of the Reformed Church. The members of Presbytery, other than the above, in attendance at Dr. Brooks' ordination were the following: Ministers, C. W. Nassau, A. L. Armstrong and James W. Kennedy; elders, J. G. Campbell, Third Church; George Brearley, Second Church; Samuel G. Brown, Prospect Street Church.

For thirty years Dr. Brooks served his first and only charge, resigning on account of ill health, on the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination. Prospect Street, in the fields, became Prospect Street, the centre of the ideal parish in Trenton, during his ministry. The first entry of Prospect Street in the General Assembly minutes is in the year 1876, when there were fifty-six communicants reported, with a Sunday School membership of 100. The last entry under Dr. Brooks's name as pastor is in the year 1905, and the membership there is 383, with a Sunday School membership of 1,072, and an average for benevolent objects per communicant of \$9.72, an average that was maintained, if not surpassed, throughout the thirty years.

In summing up the work of the first pastor of Prospect Street there are several characteristics that are prominent to his brethren who have worked by his side these years.

READ HIS BIBLE.

First, as Dr. Brooks read his Bible, the relation of the last commission of the risen Lord to the entire body of gospel teaching was always given by him a position of commanding importance. And so believing, he preached it systematically and forcibly to his people. And the record of the work wrought by Prospect Street Church outside the parish is testimony, yea a monument, to the wisdom of this pastor's point of view.

In the second place, in the estimation of Dr. Brooks, the Christian Church should have a supernatural atmosphere about all its work. The idea of the institutional church did not appeal to him; in his judgment, there were other places for such things. He, therefore, sought to safeguard the spirit and the worship about God's house.

In the third place, as an administrator, in his work in the parish, in the session and congregation everything to which he touched his hands resolved itself into simple lines. Complicated machinery and hazy plans were far as the poles away from his way of doing things. He knew what he wanted, and after a few concise statements, he had the happy faculty of having his officers see things, too, from the same standpoint. A Prospect Street official, soon after his resignation, a man who had been intimately associated with him from the beginning, declares that in all his relations with him he had never known Dr. Brooks to speak unadvisedly; a wonderful tribute.

In the last place, as a preacher Dr. Brooks always handled God's word in a reverent spirit. Upon taking up a text, he, first of all, sought to determine its meaning. Then he looked for what was the special bearing of that meaning for his people. Thoughts of handling his subject to please the fancy of those who only wished to be entertained never received the least consideration from him. There was always bread enough and to spare when he ministered. If any man went away hungry it was his own fault.

ALWAYS ALERT.

During the greater part of Dr. Brooks's ministry the Presbyterian ministers of the city met every Monday morning for fellowship and the discussion of questions in theology, exegesis and the related topics ever crowding in upon the modern minister. Dr. Brooks was always there. And he was ever at his ease in the treatment of whatsoever topic came up. There was a uniformity and breadth of grasp about his papers and the weekly discussion of the productions of his brethren, that gave the measure of the man; that made the writer often wish to himself that he was a member of Prospect Street congregation.

October 7, 1880, Walter Augustus Brooks and Mary Elmer Nixon, eldest daughter of the Hon. John T. Nixon, of Trenton, were united in marriage. They, two, dwelt together on the higher levels of Christian life and service. Mrs. Brooks, according to her strength of body, entered with spirit into all her husband's work in church, presbytery and synod. One son was born to them, John Nixon Brooks, a recent graduate of Princeton University and of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And in him these parents ever found increasing comfort. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity came to him from Lafayette College,

in 1893. After resigning as pastor Dr. Brooks became a member of the editorial staff of The Presbyterian. In this position he continued until January, 1912.

The characteristics that distinguished him in the pastorate early brought him to the making of the records of the Presbytery. He first occupied the clerk's chair at a special meeting of the Presbytery, December 28, 1878, and from that time until today, at practically every meeting the Presbytery has held, Dr. Brooks had been at one or the other of the clerks' tables. He was permitted to serve as stated clerk less than three years. For years the brethren of the Presbytery noted the increasing devotion of Dr. Brooks for Mr. Armstrong, as with the increasing years the latter was unable to attend to his duties as stated clerk as he once did, and as he wished to do still. The permanent clerk made it as easy as possible for his chief. But at the June meeting, 1910, Mr. Armstrong turned over the office that he so much loved. And one bright September morning following he drove over to Trenton from his home in Dutch Neck with a large box of papers, the accumulations of the stated clerk's office for more than a century; papers that for forty years Mr. Armstrong had stood guard over as men watch their gold and silver. And as he handed over package by package the writer of this memorial, standing by his side, gained a new conception of a true clerk's devotion. That was the last wrench that set New Brunswick's venerable stated clerk free from the office in which he had shared the best energies of his life work. He did not tarry long that morning, even in the presence of the gracious hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Brooks. When he had completed the business he was soon on his way home. That was the last time the writer saw him. When he had gone the two clerks arranged for an examination of the papers thus left. And it was with the greatest interest that those documents of other years were classified. In the mind of your memorialist that pile of papers awakened trains of thought concerning the founding of the Presbytery that would not down. Frequent interviews were held with Dr. Brooks regarding the matter, and at last it was agreed that a beginning should be made. In all the work thus far Dr. Brooks gave

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As a clerk, Dr. Brooks adopted a style of record that was ideal in simplicity, succinctness and accuracy of statement. While he never believed in changing rules and methods of procedure merely for the sake of change, yet as new plans were proposed that gave promise of expediting the business they always received Dr. Brooks's heartiest approval. He made few speeches in Presbytery's discussions. While at times his brethren talked on, seemingly, without end, the stated clerk in patience possessed his soul.

For twenty-five years Dr. Brooks was stated clerk of the Synod of New Jersey. The twenty-four volumes of his minutes are counted classics among ecclesiastical records.

For months the brethren of the Presbytery noted signs of serious illness in Dr. Brooks, but still he never complained, and they hoped that their fears were groundless. The morning of December 23, the permanent clerk came to his study by appointment. As soon as he entered Dr. Brooks began indicating the pigeonholes and shelves containing Presbytery matters. He then handed him the key for the deposit of records in the bank. "What did it all mean?" the clerk thought. "Is he going on a long journey for his health?" When these things were attended to Dr. Brooks told of his expectation to leave Trenton that week for the German Hospital for an operation by Dr. John B. Deaver. He had considered the matter carefully, and it was the only thing for him to do. He did not know what the outcome would be, and he wished to make provision for the affairs of the Presbytery that in any event all might go on without interruption.

HIS LAST WORK.

At the special meeting of the Presbytery that same morning, Dr. Brooks, upon his own request, took the minutes and read them at the close, an office that he had performed hundreds of times, but this was the last time, and he realized it, and the permanent clerk feared it. Few, if any, of the other members of Presbytery knew of his plans at that time. The operation was performed on December 26, and the word, from time to time, was that he was doing as well as could be expected. But on the morning of the 12th unfavorable symptoms developed rapidly; and at evening time, with those dearest to him by his side, he fell on sleep. And soon in Trenton from home to home the tidings passed; and thousands of people, to whom he had ministered, felt that they were poorer and that heaven was richer than when the sun rose that Sabbath day. The funeral services was held on January 15 in Prospect Street Church. And the interment was made in Riverview.

Such is a meager outline of some of the salient features of the lifework of one of God's noblemen. Underneath that life there was a spirit of devotion and self sacrifice; a willingness to do anything to help on the kingdom of God.

It was the same spirit that led Rev. Gilbert Tennent, the first clerk, and his four associates to ask the Synod in 1738 to set off the Presbytery of New Brunswick, that it might be to them a great home mission field where these founders would spend and be spent in seeking and saving the lost.

It was this spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice that was abroad in the Presbytery a generation later, in the times that tried men's souls, as is evidenced by the signing by one of its members, Dr. John Witherspoon, of the Declaration of Independence; as evidenced again by the patriotic service of another member, the Rev. Charles McKnight, whose church was burned and he thrown into prison on account of his zeal for the cause of the colonists; and as evidenced, too, by the moderator of the Presbytery, the Rev. John Rosbrough, a graduate of the first class at Nassau Hall, who himself marched at the head of a company-recruited from his own congregation, and was bayoneted to death here in Trenton on the night before the battle of Princeton, and his body waits the resurrection in an unmarked grave in the First Church yard.

The leaders of the last half century, though they lived in times of peace, it is true, inherited from their spiritual forefathers of the Presbytery this same spirit of devotion and sacrifice, as they, too, stood on the forefront of the battle waging for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. McLanahan and Dr.

Brooks, men who were true to every position in which they were placed. They thought not of their own selves in the zeal that they had for the things of the Lord.

And, brethren, as these vacant places are about us today, let the members of the Presbytery draw a little closer together in the bonds of holy fellowship; let us resolve to emulate the one with the other in striving the more to follow in the footsteps of the brethren, who, perhaps, look down upon this scene; and one day, when work here below is over, for one by one there will come a blessed reunion in the Father's house on high.

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THE SACRAMENTO BEE

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

To Manager Literary Department.

For James Hamill

DEAR SIR: The annexed is from THE BEE
of Mar 22 1902. It is sent
to you in this shape as being more convenient
than forwarding to you a complete newspaper.

JAMES MCCLATCHY & CO.

Sacramento, Cal.

In An Elephant Corral, By Robert
Hamill Nassau. New York: The
Neale Publishing Company. Price,
\$1 net.

For forty-five years the compiler
of these tales of West Africa has
lived on that Coast and his experi-
ences are interesting and entertain-
ingly set forth. It is a series of plain
narratives of the way native Africans
corral and kill marauding elephants
and the methods they use in hunting
others of the animals peculiar to the
dark continent.

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To see oursel's as ithers see us."

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Daily Eagle

From

Address

Date

MAY 17

Having been a missionary on the West
African coast for forty-five years, the
Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, D.D., S.T.D.,
has had many and various experiences.
Some thoroughly interesting ones he has
related in "In an Elephant Corral." (The
Neale Publishing Company, New York:
\$1). The book contains stirring descrip-
tions of the way the natives corral and
kill marauding elephants; of the difficul-
ties of capturing gorillas; of the pota-
mus as a fighter, and various other ad-
ventures of the natives.

It was a pleasure to review "Where
Animals Talk," by Rev. Robert H.
Nassau. Mr. Nassau, a former Pres-
byterian minister of Starke, was for
45 years a missionary in the wilds of
West Africa. He liked his work and
took so much interest in the simple ab-
origines that he gathered some of
their folk lore and published it in the
volume mentioned.

Since then he has written another
book on African subjects, entitled, "In
an Elephant Corral." While the first
named book was of interest chiefly to
students of ethnology, the new book
is of interest to all. It tells of ele-
phant and gorilla hunts and relates
some singular psychic phenomena
among the natives, as well as some in-
teresting personal adventures by the
author.

Both books are written in a style
that would delight a purist, and the
descriptions are so vivid that they
may truly be called word pictures.

The book is published by the Neale
Publishing Co., Union Square, New
York, price \$1 net; postage 10 cents.
"The Civil War and Reconstruction

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'SIGNERS' ENACT HISTORIC SCENE

Descendants of Patriots Answer to Roll Call in Independence Hall

Congress Goes on Record as Being Against Transfer of Liberty Bell to Exposition

Impressive among the celebrations of yesterday was the annual meeting of the members of the Society of the Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence in the very room where 137 years before their forefathers had signed that document which created a new nation. And occupying the same chair in which John Hancock presided over the Continental Congress, of which his ancestor, Thomas Stone, had been a member, Peter Vivian D. Conway, of Fredericksburg, Va., presided over the session of the Descendants.

It was the sixth annual congress of the organization, which was formed in this city in 1907. In the morning the officers and members participated in the patriotic celebration under the auspices of city officials for Independence Square beneath the shadow of the tower of the venerable "cradle of liberty."

For its active business the organization used the "Declaration Chamber" in Independence Hall, where on July 4, 1776, fifty-six men penned their signatures beneath the declaration that forever threw off the yoke of British sovereignty, and, in so doing, risked not only their fortunes and their lives, but assumed the grave responsibility of launching a nation upon the troubled waters of the world. It was in this decidedly historic surrounding that the members gathered yesterday afternoon to transact the business of their own congress.

The mind was thrilled when Miss M. Vivian Conway, the secretary and daughter of the retiring president, called the role of the Signers. Beginning with John Hancock, whose flowing signature is perhaps one of the most distinctive upon the history-making parchment, she continued until the last of the fifty-six had been called. And, as the descendant of each heard his name, he made the response. Descendants of thirteen of the signers were present.

Against Moving Bell

Most significant of the action taken at the Congress yesterday was the going on record of the members as being against the sending of the Liberty Bell to the Panama-Pacific Exhibition of 1915. Mrs. Warren T. Fisher and Messrs. Morris and Kneass were appointed a committee to visit Mayor Blankenburg and file this protest.

An effort is to be made by the society to obtain the portraits of six of the Signers, whose pictures are not included in the collection on view at Independence Hall. An effort will also be made to have the graves of each of the Signers, some few being missing, located and properly marked.

The officers selected for next year include: President, General Charles Lukens Davis, of Schenectady, New York; first vice president, Colonel W. Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, Va., a descendant of George Taylor; second vice president, Russel Duane, of this city, a descendant of Benjamin Franklin; third vice president, Mrs. Warren T. Fisher, of Ridley Park, Pa., a descendant of John Hart; chaplain, Rev. George Washington Dame, of Baltimore, a descendant of Thomas Nelson, Jr.; secretary, Carl Magee Kneass, of this city, a descendant of John Hart; treasurer, John S. Braxton, of this city, a descendant of Carter Braxton; registrar, Mrs. Amos G. Draper, of Washington, D. C., a descendant of Josiah Bartlett, and historian, Charles Thornton Adams, of New York city, a descendant of Matthew Thornton.

Following the meeting at Independence Hall the members held a meeting at the Continental Hotel and concluded their sessions yesterday with a banquet on the roof garden of the hotel last night, at which each member made a short address.

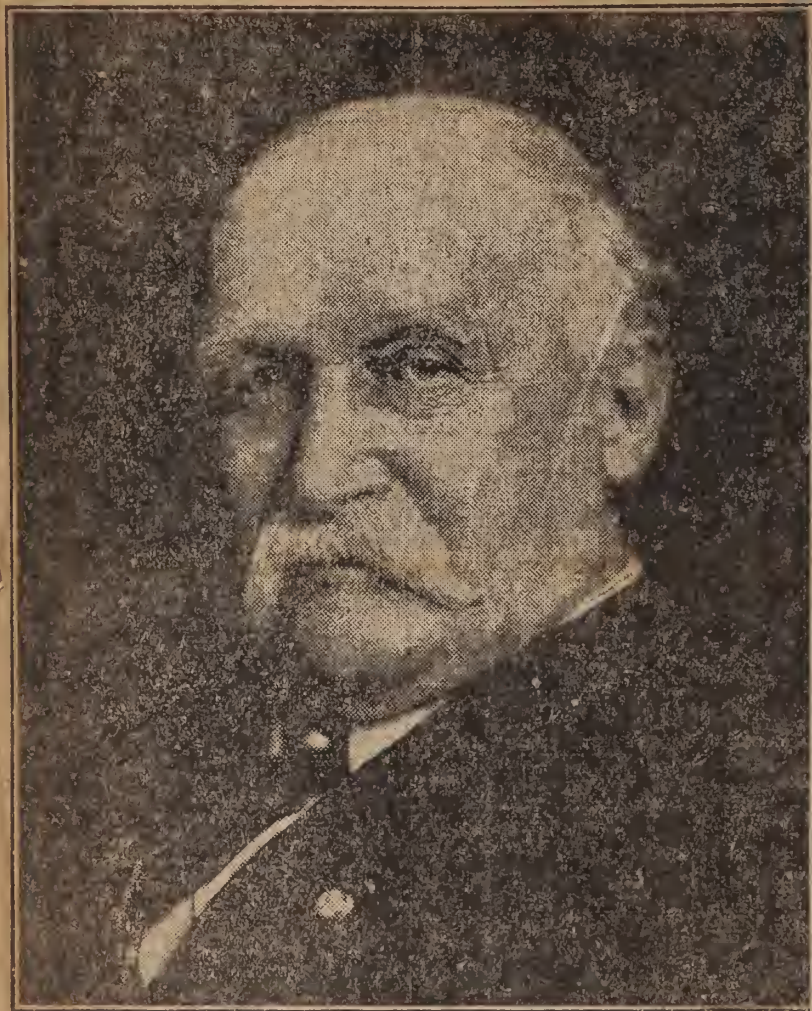
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WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1913

GEN. CHARLES L. DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE
SCHENECTADY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



GENERAL CHARLES L. DAVIS.

EMBEDDED'S CULVED | LETTENS DEAD IN

MUCH PROGRESS IS SHOWN IN REPORTS

Housed in New Quarters, Society is Increasing its Membership Rapidly.

OTHER OFFICERS ELECTED

Trustees Also Are Named For Different Terms at Annual Meeting.

At the annual meeting of the Schenectady County Historical Society last night in its new home in the old county clerk's office building. General Charles L. Davis was elected president of the society. At the meeting of the trustees following the annual meeting Richmond C. Hill was appointed curator of the Historical Society and will have charge of the collection. He has done much to further the plans of the society for securing the building and last night presented about 70 names for membership in the society.

The other officers elected last night by the trustees were: First vice president, W. T. Hanson, jr.; second vice president, Allen W. Johnston; third vice president, M. W. Westover; treasurer, Rev. Dr. E. C. Lawrence; corresponding secretary, DeLancey W. Watkins; recording secretary, Richmond C. Hill.

At the annual meeting of the society General Davis presided, H. G. Reist, the president, being out of town. Mr. Reist's report of the work of the society, which covered the securing of the new building, the special exhibitions and many other items, was read by the secretary. The treasurer's report which had been presented to the trustees and accepted by them was repeated in brief by Dr. Lawrence. He reported \$276.13 in the treasury and about \$200 to be collected.

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The following were elected trustees for a term expiring in 1916: William T. B. Mynderse, Dr. C. C. Duryee, DeLancey W. Watkins, Rev. Dr. E. C. Lawrence, A. N. Lieaty, A. H. Pepper, Percy M. Van Epps and Mrs. Hattie Leonard Colburn. The other trustees are: Those whose terms expire in 1914, Alonzo P. Strong, Willis T. Hanson, Jr.; Jay A. Rickard, Gen. Charles L. Davis, Dean B. H. Ripton, M. F. Westover, Allen W. Johnston, Hanford Robinson, Dr. Frank Vander Bogert; terms expiring in 1915, J. W. Smitley, William A. Wick, Prof. F. S. Hoffman, Langdon Gibson, Martin P. Swart and Richmond C. Hill.

A resolution was passed expressing the sense of the meeting that the trustees should call a meeting of the society at least once a month during the coming season. The annual meeting was then adjourned by special motion to be resumed the fourth Tuesday in September.

African colors, Dr. Robert H. Nassau, forty-five years missionary in Africa, has painted glowing pictures of his experiences in that region. With the wild life of semi-civilized tribes, their folk lore, the wonderful intuition of the animals on their native soil, the ardor of the hunter and his hair-breadth escapes, are blended with great versatility of touch, the brilliant plumaged birds, a lesson in itself, and their cheery day songs as distinguished from their saddened night tones. Verily there seems to be "a time to dance and a time to mourn," with these songsters. Six o'clock p. m. in our climate is not from punctiliously recognized in man by a change of demeanor, than by the feathered tribes of the tropics, as is noticed by the swift scurrying to home nests when their hour approaches. Later comes the tragic voices of the equatorial night most vividly portrayed, and later still the midnight rest of all creation, a silence awful, broken only by the occasional blood thrilling hoot of an owl, regarded by the natives with superstitious awe.

These spirited pictures, teeming with a tropical atmosphere, are threaded with the true missionary spirit, "a trust in the everlasting arms and loving wisdom, that guides and directs the last of his creatures."

This fascinating little book will appeal to both old and young and should find a place in everybody's library.

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AN ELOQUENT EULOGY ON WATER

An Eloquent Flight Which Col. Ingersoll Could Not Himself Surpass

Kansas City Star.

It is related of the late Emory Storrs that when sitting around a wine table with a number of legal friends, he insisted on drinking ice water. They taunted him for his abstemiousness, saying: "What is there in water! You can say nothing for it" Picking up his glass, he exclaimed:

"How do you expect to improve upon the beverage furnished by nature? Here it is—Adam's ale—about the only gift that has descended undefiled from the Garden of Eden! Nature's common carrier—not created in the rottenness of fermentation, not distilled over guilty fires! Virtues and not vices are its companions. Does it cause drunkenness, disease, death, cruelty to women and children? Will it place rage on the person, mortgages on the stock, farm and furniture? Will it consume wages and income in advance and ruin men in business? No!

"But it floats in white gossamer clouds far up in the quiet summer sky and hovers in dreamy mist over the merry faces of all our sprinkling lakes. It veils the woods and hills of earth's landscapes in a purple haze, where filmy lights and shadows drift hour after hour. It piles itself in tumbled masses of cloud-domes and thunder-heads, draws the electric flash from its mysterious hiding places and seams and shocks the wide air with vivid lines of fire. It is carried by the winds, and falls in rustling curtains of liquid drapery over all the thirsty woods and fields, and fixes in God's mystic eastern heavens His beautiful bow of promise, glorified with a radiance that seems reflected out of heaven itself.

"It gleams in the frost crystals of the mountain tops and the dews of the valleys. It silently creeps up to each leaf in the myriad forests of the world and tints each fruit and flower. It is here in the grass blades of the meadows, and there where the corn waves its tassels and the wheat is billowing. It gems the depths of the desert with the glad green oases, winds in oceans round the whole earth, and roars its hoarse, eternal anthems on 100,000 miles of coast. It claps its hands in the flashing wave-crests of the sea, laughs in the little rapids of the brooks, kisses the dripping, moss-covered, old oaken well-buckets in a countless host of happy homes!

"See these pieces of cracked ice, full of prismatic colors, clear as diamonds! Listen to their fairy tinkle against the brimming glass, that sweetest music in all the world to one half fainting with thirst! And so, in the language of that grand old man, Gough, I ask you, brothers all, would you exchange that sparkling glass of water for alcohol, the drink of the very devil himself!"

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To see oursel's as ithers see us."

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Date SEP 17 1913

"In an Elephant Corral" (Neale Publishing Company, \$1.00) is the title of a collection of stories of African life by Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, D.D., the veteran missionary and entertaining raconteur. These stories range from the missionary's own experiences in traveling, hunting, or dealing with the natives, to accounts of their peculiar superstitions, or tribal customs. One of the chapters relates Dr. Nassau's attempts to secure a gorilla for American scientists, this attempt ending finally with the skeleton of a gorilla which he was able to send to the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. Later, he secured for the Academy three gorilla brains, whose examination forms a part of the records of the Academy. The book is filled with interesting bits of information about the Dark Continent, and, coming from Dr. Nassau, may be depended on as authoritative.

* * *

Presbyterian

12

Communications.

REV. ROBERT HAMILL DAVIS, Ph.D.

The announcement of the death of this dear brother on December 23d, in a late *Presbyterian*, will carry sorrow to many hearts and homes. As a nephew of Drs. Robert, Samuel and Hugh Hamill, men whose names and memories always waken attention as having a strong hold upon the affections of the people of God for their fine qualities, it was to be expected that Dr. Davis would, in like manner, display talent and exercise influence in whatever work was given him to do, and many will agree to the statement that, up to the measure of his opportunity, this was fully true.

As a pastor and preacher for fifteen years at Deerfield, in Cumberland county, N. Y., for four years at Delaware, in Warren county, N. Y., and also for a like period at Orangeville, Pa., it is very manifest that he faithfully used his energies with steadfast devotion and zeal in building up the Kingdom of Christ. His name at Deerfield is still a household word, as a synonym of goodness and love. The youth who came into the church there under his earnest appeals, prayers and counsels, now active men in the professions or in the various occupations of life, will, we are sure, give earnest testimony to the charm of his presence, and the religious influence he exerted in and out of the pulpit.

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In his last charge, at Orangeville, though actively engaged for a little more than three years, his work was of such sort as to bind the affections of the people closely around him; and the year or more of his disability, since the summons came that he should glorify his Lord by patient endurance under suffering, has been a year on the part of his flock which strengthened those bonds, and, by the Divine blessing, brought a reflex advantage to the spiritual life of the people. They knew very well that, while he was himself an object of sympathy to them, needing and receiving it in their prayers and in the many ways which love finds for its exercise, in return, amid all his weakness and suffering, his heart's desire and prayer for them went up very constantly for all those who were led into trial and sorrow, and also in many earnest supplications for God's best blessings upon them all, especially as to their united life and work as a church. We are sure that he was very superior, and always faithful in the pastor's ministrations, in the home circle, and in the counselling with penitent, inquiring sinners. Like sweet perfume, his memory will linger long with his numerous, loving friends in his special charges, and in the larger fellowship of the denomination which had his unselfish service and labor.

As an educator, he had no small field for the use of his gifts, and his fidelity is well-known in many places, freely confessed by those who sat at his feet for instruction.

Messers
For several years, during his collegiate course and his time of preparation for the active work of the ministry, he was employed as assistant tutor in the noble school of the ~~Misses~~ Hamill, at Lawrenceville. Then, after fifteen years in the pastoral work at Deerfield, he was led to the same classic village, and devoted his time and efforts very happily in the conduct of a large Female Seminary. After eight years' application in this fine school, his health gave way very seriously, and he was compelled to cease for over two years from all labor, and learn the lesson of resignation under suffering. It is not a matter for any doubt—we are sure that this was permitted to chasten and enoble the work of his later years. God never visits his children in such experiences without intending it to be for "our profit."

The last year, closing so nearly in unison with the joy of the advent season, wrought well in the work of the Refiner. He was so patient and gentle and good that many felt that he was a teacher still. Many sat and learned of him as he so sweetly bowed to the will of God in everything. Not many days before the end, he said touchingly to his life-time friend in the latter's last visit: "I want to go home," and on the parting

The Presbyterian.

at early dawn his words of farewell spoke prophetically: "We shall never meet again here."

One day, the day before his release, he sat with watch in hand as if to note the time of his departure, and without warning the gentle stroke came. He closed his eyes upon the faces of his family circle and from all earthly scenes, never again to open them here. Thus he remained unconscious till the next day, then

"Laid his head on Jesus' breast,
And breathed his life out sweetly there."

O, to what visions were they directed, when the time was come to "enter into the joy of his Lord!"

"Behold a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lustreful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, of strife,
Above the portals read, 'The Gate of Life.'"

E P. S.

AN IMPROVED

The attached review from the

Nitica Observer

under date of March 4, 1912

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

WHERE ANIMALS TALK, by R. H. Nassau; Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.50.

This is an unusual volume, containing as it does a collection of the folklore tales of West Africa. In Mr. Nassau's preface, he calls attention to the fact that the typical African legend is marked by repetition. "The same incident," he says, "occurs to a succession of individuals, monotony being prevented by a variation in the conduct of those individuals as they reveal their weakness or stupidity, artifice or treachery." "The African narrators," he continues, "while preserving the original plot and characters of a tale, vary it and make it graphic by introducing objects known and familiar to their audience. These inconsistencies do not interfere with belief, or offend the taste of a people with whom even the impossible is not a bar to faith; rather, the inconsistency sharpens their enjoyment of a story." Certainly, one becomes quite familiar with the impossible in reading these tales, and one becomes almost hardened to surprise. But the absurdity of certain situations make for entertainment.

461

34

The attached review from the

Inter Ocean

under date of March 2, 1912.

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER 461

The Gorham Press, Boston

REVAD.

WHERE ANIMALS TALK (by R. H. Nassau. Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.50 net) —These West African folklore tales are fantastic legends of animals and mankind in prehistoric times. The collection includes sixty-one tales, varying in length from half a page to eighteen pages. Animals talk and are practically human beings, yet they accomplish the impossible with commendable aplomb; a tortoise, for instance, swallows his bride and a good bit of baggage, just by way of conveniently concealing them from the leopard. Mr. Nassau translates the tales, with very little embellishment, from the dialects in which they were told him by the native tribesmen; consequently, the narratives retain much of their elemental simplicity. In the preface, the author writes: "The typical native African ekano or legend is marked by repetitions. The same incidents occur to a succession of individuals; monotony being prevented by a variation in the conduct of those individuals as they reveal their weakness or stupidity, artifice or treachery." Monotony, nevertheless, creeps in occasionally. Several of the tales have so many points of similarity that more than one version is rather superfluous. Little folk may find some of the stories amusing, though the book is apparently not primarily intended for juvenile readers. The explanations of "Why Mosquitoes Buzz" and "Why Goats Became Domestic" are interesting illustrations of the narrator's inventive powers.

from the

New York, N. Y.
25, 1912.

compliments of

BADGER

Boston

A valuable and interesting contribution to African folk lore is the collection of stories Mr. Robert H. Nassau has made in "Where Animals Talk" (Richard G. Badger, Boston). The stories were derived from three Bantu tribes of West Africa, the Mpongwe, the Benga and the Fang, and the legends of each tribe are arranged in separate groups. The author understands the requirements of science, he gives the tales here translated exactly as they were told to him, explains the circumstances attending the recital and his surmises as to the age of the tales. He leaves the stories—they are all animal tales—to speak for themselves, and gives practical directions for pronouncing the native words.

Lafayette Collège
Van Wickle Memorial Library
Easton, Pennsylvania

J. F. Stonecipher
Librarian

March 5, 1912.

Rev. R. H. Nassau,

Dear Sir,

The copy of your book "Where Animals talk" which you have so kindly sent to the collegg library is at hand and I hasten to make grateful acknowledgment of its receipt.

I enclose herewith some material to which I hope you will give your early consideration.

Yours truly,

J. F. Stonecipher

MAR 9 - 1912

(36)

The attached review from the

New York Sun,

under date of *March 10, 1912*

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

WHERE ANIMALS TALK. By Robert H. Nassau. Author of *Fetichism in West Africa*, *The Youngest King*, etc. Richard G. Badger, Boston, \$1.50.

These "West African Folk Lore Tales" are translated from two native dialects those of the Mpongwe Tribe and the Benga Tribe and a number of local variations.

The tales come from supposed pre-historical times and seem to have emanated from Arabia, some from Egyptian legends, and to have been carried down the East African countries to the Cape and then up the West Coast to where the Bantu language is spoken in "very many dialects, having the same grammatical construction but differing in sociabulary." The tales are interesting only from their historic value and their oddity, animals doing all the talking and action; the tortoise being the wag, the wisest, and, until killed, the leader. American tradition knows the tortoise as the totem of the Delaware Indians and as "Bro Tarra-pin."

AFRICAN FOLK-LORE

A collection of entertaining West African folk-lore tales is published in Robert H. Nassau's "Where Animals Talk," all of which he believes are of very ancient origin. The tales are examples, presented without embellishment, of the stories that are told, night after night, by the Bantu narrators to their fellow-tribesmen assembled about the camp fires. "The most distinctive feature of these tales," Mr. Nassau remarks in his preface, "is that while the actors are beasts, they are speaking and living as human beings—acting as beasts in human environments, and, instantly, in the same sentence, acting as human beings in beasts' environments." (Richard G. Badger, \$1.50.)

"Where Animals

it, presented by the author to the Reinhold family of Starke, has been shown us. It contains a number of legends current among the Bantu people along the Gaboon river, where animals are the "personae." A vocabulary of a part of the Bantu idioms is included in the book. Though necessarily of interest to but few the book is nevertheless a classic in a field never before entered.

Dr. Nassau is now about 80 years old. To write the book a clear brain and a good memory were necessary, which shows a mind still in its full vigor.

The attached review from the

Religious telescope

under date of March 20, 1912.

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

"Where Animals Talk," by Robert H. Nassau, is an interesting volume of West African folk lore, including tales told by members of the various tribes. These stories, some of which involve impossible situations, are generally of prehistoric times, when man and beast lived together in social relations. In these tales the beasts do all the talking, "acting as beasts in human environment; and, at the same time, acting as human beings in a beast's environment." This latter fact the reader must remember, or the action of the story will have no meaning.

The stories seem to be of Arabian origin, which may be accounted for by the fact that there is Arabic blood in the Bantu negro. These tales, sixty-one in all, are divided among the three tribes whence they were gathered: Mpongwe, Eenga, and Fang tribes. Cloth, 250 pages. Richard G. Badger, Boston. Price, \$1.50, net.

is sent with

RICHARD G.

The Gorham Press

An unusual and very interesting book is "Where Animals Talk," by R. H. Nassau. The author presents a collection of West African folk lore tales. The stories, brief and much to the point, are accompanied with helpful notes. The publisher is Richard G. Badger, Boston.

he attached review from the

in Sunday Journal

date of March 24, 1912.

sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

"WHERE Animals Talk; West African Folk Lore Tales," by Robert H. Nassau.—There are 61 tales in this collection, all of which the author says, were narrated to him by two members of the Mpongwe tribe many years ago, at the town of Libreville, Gaboon river, equatorial West Africa. Both the narrators were well educated people—a man and woman. They chose legends that were current in their own tribe. They spoke in the Mpongwe and in the English translation the writer has retained some of their native idioms.

The author believes that none of these legends have ever been printed before with the exception of 'Tale 5,' which, at one time, appeared in a British magazine from a writer in Kamerun after Mr. Nassau had heard it at Gaboon. 'Tale 14' appeared in another form, some 50 years ago in Rev. Dr. J. L. Wilson's "Western Africa."

The author's preface, which we quote in part, will give a very distinct and definite idea of the character of these tales, which are so interesting, no one can afford not to have read them. He says:

"The typical native African Ekano or legend is marked by repetition. The same incident occurs to a succession of individuals; monotony being prevented by a variation in the conduct of those individuals, as they reveal their weakness or stupidity, artifice or treachery."

From Rev. H. A. Harlow

Kyack, N. Y., March 29th 1912.

My Dear Brother Cassan:

I rec^d. your latest publication and have read a portion of its interesting contents. The various animals of Africa are certainly smart or have doubtless acquired much of their sagacity from the sons of Cain. I think you fairly rival Esop, whose fables were puzzling to me in the days of my first attempts to master the Latin Language. Accept my thanks for your kind remembrance of me. I often think that but for a "handicap", I might have achieved

Newton H. J.
 (From Rev. J. M. Patterson) March 31st 1912

Dear Brother Nassau

I owe you an apology for putting off so long, thanking you for the book which you so kindly sent me. I was awaiting replies to letters sent to the survivors of our class of 1889. Your volume of Folklore of Africa—"Where animals talk"—is particularly interesting. It shows how much alike people are whether civilized or savage. Esop's Fables, and books of our own childhood run in something parallel lines. Be-
 sides, the rapid spread of civilization will soon, through education & literature, ~~will~~ ^{be} rapidly assimilate the world's thought. Never, in a comparatively

short time, this unwritten folk love
will perish, unless rescued, as you
are doing, in these books which you
are writing

In regard to our class reunion,
I have written to all the survivors,
as far as possible. They number ten.
I have received answers from
Bostick, Lee, Manly, Merrill & Noen.
None of these expect to be present
at the Centennial of Princeton Sem-
inary. I have ^{not} heard from Lover,
Scott, or Howell Taylor; but we know
they will not be with us. Farnham,
of course, will not. Indeed, there are
but three of us who are physically
able to be there, Manly & ourselves.
Lee is confined to his bed, & a great
sufferer. As Manly does not expect
to come, it is not worth while to

The attached review from the

Evening Sun, Baltimore
under date of *April 17, 1912.*

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

An extremely interesting collection of West African folk tales is to be found in the volume called "Where Animals Talk," by Robert H. Nassau, author of "Fetichism in West Africa." There are 61 tales in all, gathered by Mr. Nassau from native story tellers. The first 16 he heard at Libreville, on the Gaboon river, the narrators being two members of the Mpongwe tribe. The second section, consisting of 34 Benga tales, includes 4 gathered by pioneer missionaries 40 years ago. The remaining 30 were told to Mr. Nassau at Batanga by three civilized natives. The last section of 11 tales came from a Batanga man of the Banaka tribe, but they bear marks of having originated not on the coast, but among the Bulus of the interior.

All of the tales are characterized by the humanization of animals. Mr. Nassau sees in many of them traces of Arabic origin and in others Egyptian names and ideas occur. No doubt the germs of them were given to the rude natives of the west coast by wandering Arabs from the Sudan and beyond. Since the invasion of the white man they have been embellished, principally by the introduction of references to guns, steamships and other such things, but their essentially African character remains. Read in connection with the Uncle Remus tales of the late Joel Chandler Harris, they are of great interest.

WHERE ANIMALS TALK. By R. H. Nassau. (Cloth, pp. 250. \$1.50 net.) Published by Richard G. Badger, New York.

The attached review from the

Jose Mercury & Herald
er date of *April 28, 1912.*

s sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

Where Animals Talk

By R. H. Nassau.

Robert H. Nassau, who is known as the author of "Fetichism in West Africa", and "The Youngest King" has collected in "Where Animals Talk" a most interesting collection of African folk lore tales. The stories are very old, almost all of them locating themselves in prehistoric times when beasts and human beings lived almost together. Their distinctive feature is that, while the actors are beasts they are living and speaking as human beings in a beast environment. This, the author warns, must be constantly borne in mind, or the action of the story will become not only unreasonable but utterly unexplicable.

The characters in the stories relieve themselves from difficult or dangerous situations by the aid of a powerful personal fetish-charm known as "Ngalo," a fetish almost as valuable as Aladdin's lamp in the Arabian nights. Mr. Nassau, by the way, believes that there is Arabic blood in the Bantu negro,—this collection being their folk lore, and quotes such an ethnologist as Sir H. H. Johnston to back up his claim.

These stories are given at night by the Bantu negroes, being told in the open village street or forest camp and are thus passed on from generation to generation. The base of the tale is the same, but different narrators add details, even modernizing, as it were, these very old stories.

Children will like them for themselves and to the student of folk lore they will have another value.

Richard G. Badger is the publisher.

The attached review from the

The Presbyterian

under date of June 12, 1912,

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

"Where Animals Talk," by Robert Hamill Nassau. (Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.50 net.) Dr. Nassau adds to the store of folk-lore tales, out of his wide knowledge of African life and customs, a book of native stories, told him by Mpongwe people in Africa, which will interest alike the curious reader and the student of ethnology. The stories are of no small interest in themselves, as indicative of the African human nature which underlies the tale of animal doings, and will be particularly engaging to the reader who fancies that he detects in these legends of old Africa, the original of many of the best stories of Uncle Remus and other Americanized Africans. Dr. Nassau's book is a valuable addition to the literature of primitive humanity and its age of fable.

The attached review from the

Hartford Daily Times

under date of *Aug 21, 1912.*

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

Folk Tales From Africa.

WHERE ANIMALS TALK. By Robert H. Nassau. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

This collection of African folk stories is said by Mr. Nassau to have been made by him among the Bantu negroes. He accepts them as probably thousands of years old, and describes their narration at evening in villages or camps. His collection is made from three tribes whose dialects differ more or less, although all are Bantus. He believes them to have Arabic blood, and suggests that in their migrations they brought their stories with them from a placety

translated as literally as possible, with all the repetitions and crudities. If this is the case, if they are faithful versions of real folk tales, they have a distinct value. In any case many of them are interesting. The leopard in this appears as the prototype of Bre'r Fox, and the tortoise in the place of Bre'r Rabbit. The same characters are alternately animals and men, and fabulous monsters. The tortoise, for instance, beats the leopard in competing in a trial of skill the reward of which is a rich merchant's daughter, but having won her he fears that he will be waylaid on his return by the leopard. The tests he met successfully are astonishing, but not half so astonishing as what he did to escape the wrath of the leopard. He took his wife, and with her slaves and goats and a variety of goods and set out, but after he had gone a little way he "swallowed all the things to hide them—wife, servants and all." But later the leopard compelled him to vomit them all up, so the tortoise was no better off in the end.

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Altogether there are sixty-one stories, some of them being merely different versions of the same episode. Some of them seem to regard men and beasts as wholly similar parts of

the life of the world, but a few make man a recognized enemy, and sometimes show how he was outwitted by the animals he sought to kill. There are two versions of the story which tells how the dog lost his human voice. There is an excellent story of the tug-of-war in which the tortoise outwits both the elephant and the hippopotamus by claiming equality. He offers to have a tug-of-war with each. It is so arranged that neither of the contestants can see the other, although this appears to be accidental, and the tortoise contrives that the two great beasts shall tug against each other while each supposes it is tugging with him. Neither wins, but the vine (which takes the place of a rope) breaks, and both are badly hurt when it gives way. The tortoise calls on each of them, being himself in prime condition, and makes each admit that he (the tortoise) has proved himself the equal of the other.

The book makes a very interesting collection of tales. Its value, apart from that, rests on the genuineness of the legends, and verity of the translation and on both these points there is assurance from long knowledge of the author. He was for 45 years a missionary in Africa, has been a student, explorer and translator, and has made scientific collections of real value. In this book he vouches for the authenticity of the legends, that is, for the correct reproduction in English of what he heard told as familiar bequests of the past.

The attached review from the

Baptist Teacher.

under date of August 1912,

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

WHERE ANIMALS TALK: WEST AFRICAN
FOLK LORE TALES. By Robert H. Nassau.
Richard G. Badger, publisher. Price, \$1.50
net.

An unusual book, its wild and impossible legends gathered by a careful collector. The author does not certify to anything except that the inconsistencies that are in evidence from "one of the distinctive attractions to the minds of the excited listeners." and that they "do not interfere with belief or offend the taste, but sharpen their enjoyment of the stories. Most of the tales are related to supposed historic periods, when beasts and human beings are asserted to have lived together with social relations in the same community." The tales are gathered from the Mpongwe tribe, the Benga tribe, and the Fang tribe.

The attached review from the

The Sun, ~~Polluxion, and~~
under date of _____

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

A valuable and interesting contribution to African folk lore is the collection of stories Mr. Robert H. Nassau has made in "Where Animals Talk" (Richard G. Badger, Boston). The stories were derived from three Bantu tribes of West Africa, the Mpongwe, the Benga and the Fang, and the legends of each tribe are arranged in separate groups. The author understands the requirements of science, he gives the tales here translated exactly as they were told to him, explains the circumstances attending the recital and his surmises as to the age of the tales. He leaves the stories—they are all animal tales—to speak for themselves, and gives practical directions for pronouncing the native words.

The attached review from the

The American Antiquarian
under date of Oct-Dec. 1912.

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

Where Animals Talk. Robert H. Nassau. Boston: 1912.
Richard G. Badger. 16°, pp. 250. Price \$1.50 net.

A new volume of West African folk-tales. The collection is made from three tribes—Mpongwe, Benga and Fang. Dr. Nassau's previous work, **Fetichism in West Africa**, was one of the most significant contributions to our knowledge of African life and thought. **Where Animals Talk** is a worthy companion to it, and is one of the best of the many collections of African folk-tales. Dr. Nassau has been in connection with these tribes for more than forty years; he knows their languages; he has their confidence. He collected these stories in the words in which they were told; he is his own translator, and in putting them into English his aim is to keep the exact thought so far as may be the precise forms of expression of the originals. No effort is made to establish comparisons with stories from other peoples, nor to make any deductions. The stories are given simply as they are—the reader may do with them what he pleases. He may read to be amused, to learn native thought, to make comparisons. There is no effort on Dr. Nassau's part to supply exhaustive or learned annotation. Preceding each story is a list of the persons figuring in it, which is convenient, as the actors are usually named with native

Southern Workman.

under date of Jan. 1913.

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

Where Animals Talk: West African Folk-lore Tales. By Robert H. Nassau. Published by the Gorham Press, Boston. Price \$1.50 net.

THIS book is a collection of stories so simply and vividly told that they seem to be literal translations from the native tongue. Dr. Nassau, the author, was for forty years a missionary on the west coast of Africa. From the beginning of his long ministry the natives accepted him as an interested friend. He says, "By chatting as a friend, telling them the strange and great things of my own country, and first eliciting their trust in me and interest in my stories, they forgot their reticence, and responded by telling me of their country. I listened, not critically, but apparently as a believer; and then they vied with each other in telling me all they knew and thought." Only by taking this attitude of sympathetic friendship could he have gathered these tales which reveal the real native thought of the people.

Fragments of the material thus gathered from various tribes for nearly forty years were given to the world from time to time by scientists who happened to meet Dr. Nassau in Africa. Miss Kingsley in her "Travels in West Africa" (1897) regrets that "there is but one copy of this collection of materials, and that this copy is in

the form of a human being, and will disappear before it is half learned by us, who cannot do the things he has done." But Dr. Nassau was too conscientious to take the time paid for by the church for missionary work—translations of the Scriptures and other duties—to compile books that would be his own personal property, until authorized to do so by the Board of Foreign Missions in 1899. Since that time he has written "Fetishism in West Africa," "Corisco Days," etc., and now this remarkable collection of folk-lore tales.

The volume contains over sixty legends gathered from three Bantu tribes. All the tales are located in prehistoric times when men and beasts dwelt and talked together. Many of them are pure animal tales, like the "Br'er Rabbit" stories of the American Negro; for example, a weak animal, *Ntori* (wild rat), by craft gets the better of a strong one, *Njega* (leopard). These two are favorite characters, but most of the better known African animals appear in the stories. Beasts act as beasts in human environment and in the same sentence they act as human beings in the environment of beasts. Animals take the form of men and men assume the form of animals at will. The powerful, personal fetish charm, *Ngalo*, frequently saves the characters from most difficult situations, yet the owner of the *Ngalo* may be exposed to no end of suffering and danger, even though possessed of this charm. However, these strange and impossible situations only add to the charm of the stories.

The attached review from the

Inter Ocean. Chicago, Ill.

under date of _____

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

WHERE ANIMALS TALK (by R. H. Nassau. Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.50 net)
—These West African folklore tales are fantastic legends of animals and mankind in prehistoric times. The collection includes sixty-one tales, varying in length from half a page to eighteen pages. Animals talk and are practically human beings, yet they accomplish the impossible with commendable aplomb; a tortoise, for instance, swallows his bride and a good bit of baggage, just by way of conveniently concealing them from the leopard. Mr. Nassau translates the tales, with very little embellishment, from the dialects in which they were told him by the native tribesmen; consequently, the narratives retain much of their elemental simplicity. In the preface, the author writes: "The typical native African ekano or legend is marked by repetitions. The same incidents occur to a succession of individuals; monotony being prevented by a variation in the conduct of those individuals as they reveal their weakness or stupidity, artifice or treachery." Monotony, nevertheless, creeps in occasionally. Several of the tales have so many points of similarity that more than one version is rather superfluous. Little folk may find some of the stories amusing, though the book is apparently not primarily intended for juvenile readers. The explanations of "Why Mosquitoes Buzz" and "Why Goats Became Domestic" are interesting illustrations of the narrator's inventive powers.

The attached review from the

Bulletin San Francisco, Cal.

under date of _____

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

WHERE ANIMALS TALK.
Delightful Collection of West African Folk Tales.

HERE is a collection of West African folk love tales which will delight young readers especially. The author, Robert H. Nassau, who has traveled extensively in the Dark Continent, has made a study of tribal legends, told by the natives around the camp fire to the accompaniment of the drum and appropriate songs and dances. (Richard G. Badger, Boston. Price, \$1.50 net.)

The attached review from the

Book fellow

under date of *Sydney Australia*

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

AFRICAN FOLK-LORE.

The Australian aborigines, so interesting ethnologically, have added little to literature. In comparison with the substantial myths of the Maori, their legends seem usually trivial and uninteresting. We infer that the Australian has always been the light-minded person that he seems to-day, too happy in the sunshine to be stirred to high creative effort—content to take his easy life as it comes, without constructing other than fanciful explanatory sketches of its origin and meaning.

In Africa, we notice, the aborigine is much more seriously-minded. In a book, "Where Animals Talk," published by R. G. Badger in Boston at 1d. 50c. net, Mr. R. H. Nassau has collected from the lips of West African natives a series of legendary stories that have both human interest and scientific meaning. The number, the variety, and the solid quality of these West African stories is remarkable. Several of them are quite as charming and significant as a European fairy-tale. In proof and illustration, we cite passages from one story—"The Leopard with the White Skin." Here is the negro narrator talking:—

At the town of Ra-Mborakinda, where he lived with his wives and children and his glory, this occurred:

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He had a beloved daughter, by name Ilambe. He loved her much; and sought to please her in many ways, and gave her many servants to serve her. When she grew up to womanhood, she said that she did not wish anyone to come to ask her in marriage; that she herself would choose a husband. "Moreover, I will never marry any man who has any, even a little bit of blotch on his skin." Her father did not like her to speak in that way; nevertheless, he did not forbid her. When men began to come to the father and say, "I desire your daughter Ilambe for a wife," he would say, "Go, and ask herself." Then when the man went to Ilambe's house, and would say, "I have come to ask you in marriage," her only reply was a question, "Have you a clear skin and no blotches on your body?" It he answered, "Yes," Ilambe would say, "But, I must see for myself; come into my room." There she required him to take off all his clothing. And if, on examination, she was the slightest pimple or scar, she would point toward it and say, "That? I do not want you." Then perhaps he would begin to plead, "All my skin is right, except"—But she would interrupt him, "No! for even that little mark I do not want you."

So it went on with all who came, she finding fault with even a small pimple or a scar. And all suitors were rejected. The news spread abroad that Ra-Mborakinda had a beautiful daughter, but no one was able to obtain her because of what she said about diseases of the skin. Still, many tried to obtain her. Even animals changed themselves to human form, and sought her, in vain. At last, Leopard said, "Ah! this beautiful woman! I hear about her beauty and that no one is able to get her. I think

best, I will go to Ra-Marange." He went to that magic doctor, and told his story about Ra-Mborakinda's fine daughter, and how no man could get her in marriage because of her fastidiousness about skins. Ra-Marange told him, "I am too old. I do not now do those things about medicines. Go to Ogula-ya-mpazy-avazya." So Leopard went to him. As usual, the sorcerer Ogula jumped into his fire, and, coming out with power, directed Leopard to tell what he wanted. So he told the whole story again, and asked how he should obtain the clean body of a man. The sorcerer prepared for him a great medicine by which to give him a human body, tall, graceful, strong, and clean. Leopard then went back to his town, told his people his plans, and prepared their bodies also for a change if needed. Having taken also a human name, Ogula, he then went to Ra-Mborakinda, saying, "I wish your daughter Ilambe for a wife."

On his arrival at Ra-Mborakinda's, the people admired the stranger, and felt sure that Ilambe would accept this suitor, exclaiming, "This fine looking man! his face! and his gait! and his body!" When he had made his request to Ra-Mborakinda, he was told, as usual, to go to Ilambe and see whether she would like him. When he went to her house, he looked so handsomely, that Ilambe was at once pleased with him. He told her, "I love you; and I come to marry you. You have refused marry. I know the reason why, but I think you will be satisfied with me." She replied, "I think you have heard from others the reason for which I refuse men. I will see whether you have what I want." And, she added, "Let us go into the room; and let me see your skin."

They entered the room; and Ogula-Njega removed his fine clothing. Ilambe examined with close scrutiny from his head to his feet. She found not the slightest scratch or mark; his skin was like a babe's. Then she said, "Yes! this is my man, truly! I love you, and will marry you! She was so pleased with her acquisition that she remained in the room enjoying again a minute examination of her husband's beautiful skin. Then she went out and ordered her servants to cook food, prepare water, etc. for him; and he did not go out of the house, nor have a longing to go back to his town, for he found that he was loved.

On the third day he went to tell the father, Ra-Mborakinda, that he was ready to take his wife off to his town. Ra-Mborakinda consented. All that day they prepared food for the marriage feast. But all the while that this man-beast, Ogula-Njega was there, Ra-Mborakinda, by his okove (magic fetish) knew that some evil would come out of this marriage. However, as Ilambe had insisted on choosing her own way, he did not interfere.

After the marriage was over, and the feast eaten, Ra-Mborakinda called his daughter and said, "Ilambe, mine, now you are going off on your journey." She said, "Yes, for I love my husband." The father asked, "Do you love him truly?" She answered, "Yes." Then he told her, "As you are married now, you need a present from me as your ozendo (bridal gift). So he gave her a few presents and told her, "Go to that house," indicating a certain house in the town: and gave her the key of the house, and he told her to go and open the door. That was the house where he kept all his charms for war and fetishes of all kinds. He

told her, "When you go in you will see two Kabala (magic horses) standing side by side. The one that will look a little dull, with its eyes directed on the ground, take it; and leave the brighter looking one. When you are coming with it, you will see that it walks a little lame. Nevertheless, take it." She objected. "But, father, why do you not give me the finer one, and not the weak one?" But he said, "No!" and made a knowing smile as he repeated, "Go, and take the one I tell you." He had reason for giving this one. The finer-looking one had only fine looks, but this other one would some day save her by its intelligence.

She went and took Horse, and returned to her father, and the journey was prepared. The father sent with her servants to carry the baggage, and to remain with and work for her at the town of her marriage. She and her husband arranged all their things, and said good-bye, and off they went, both of them sitting on Horse's back.

They journeyed and they journeyed. On the way Ogula-Njega, though changed as to his form and skin, possessed all his old tastes. Having been so many days without tasting blood or uncooked meats, as they passed through the forest of wild beasts, the longing came on him. They emerged on to a great prairie, and journeyed across it towards another forest. Before they had entirely crossed the prairie, the longing for his prey so overcame him that he said, "Wife, you with your Kabala and the servants stay here while I go rapidly ahead, and wait for me until I come again." So he went off, entered the forest, and changed himself back to Leopard. He hunted for prey, caught a small animal and ate it; and another, and ate it. After being satisfied, he washed his hands and mouth in a brook, and, changing again to human form, he returned on the prairie to his wife.

She observed him closely, and saw a hard strange look on his face. She said, "But, all this while! What have you been doing?" He made an excuse. They went on.

And the next day it was the same. All this that was going on, Ilambe was ignorant of. But Horse knew.

out; and, meeting one of the female-servants, she, too, was reported missing.

Sometimes when Ogula-Njega was away, Ilambe, feeling lonesome, would go and pet Horse. After the loss of this maid-servant, Horse thought it was time to warn Ilambe of what was going on. While she was petting him, he said, "Eh! Ilambe! you do not see the trouble

that is coming to you!" She asked. "What trouble?" He exclaimed, "What trouble? If your father had not sent me with you, what would have become of you? Where are all your servants that you brought with you? You do not know where they go to, but I do. Do you think that they disappear without a reason? I will tell you where they go. It is your man who eats them; it is he who wastes them!" She could not believe it, and argued, "Why should he destroy them?" Horse replied, "If you doubt it, wait for the day when your last remaining servant is gone."

Two days after that, at night, another maid-servant disappeared. Another day passed. On another day, Ogula-Njega went off to hunt beasts, with the intention that, if he failed to get any, at night he would eat his wife.

When he had gone, Ilambe, in her loneliness, went to fondle Horse. He said to her, "Did I not tell you? The last maid is gone. You yourself will be the next one. I will give you counsel. When you have opportunity this night, prepare yourself ready to run away. Get yourself a large gourd and fill it with ground nuts, another with gourdseeds, and another with water." He told her to bring these things to him, and he would know the best time to start.

That is as far as we can go with the text of the story. The storyteller proceeds to relate how the girl escapes on her magic horse; how Leopard pursues them; and how this pursuit is evaded. After a long series of adventures they come safely home.

"That same day, in the afternoon, they came to the town of the father Ramborakinda. On their arrival there they (but especially the Horse) told their whole story. Ilambe was somewhat ashamed of herself, for she had brought these troubles on herself by insisting on having a husband with a perfectly fine skin. So her father said, 'Ilambe, my child, you see the trouble you have brought on yourself. For you, a woman, to make such a demand was too much. Had I not sent Kabala with you, what would have become of you?' The people gave Ilambe a glad welcome. And she went to her house, and said nothing more about fine skins."

Observe the moral. A moral is attached to nearly all Mr Nassau's stories—they are Aesop's fables of Africa. "Where Animals Talk" deserves serious readers. The book is an important addition to the literature of folk-lore.

Where Animals Talk. West African Folk-Lore Tales. By ROBERT H. NASSAU.

The Gorham Press: Boston, 1912. Pp. 250.

The Youngest King. A Story of the Magi. By ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU.

Westminster Press: Philadelphia, 1911.

This volume on West African folk-lore is a very welcome contribution from the pen that gave us *Fetichism in West Africa*. Like the *Fetichism*, this volume of stories will rank among the classics of West

See page 47

(49)

African ethnography, and like it, too, will appeal to a much wider audience than that of professional ethnologists.

The collection consists of sixty-one stories, sixteen from the Mpongwe, thirty-four from the Bengo, and eleven from the Fang. The author's long residence in the country and his thorough knowledge of the language and customs have enabled him to understand and translate as few field-workers or missionaries are qualified to do. In nearly every instance an almost literal translation preserving the native figures and idioms has been made, while, at the same time, the whole is couched in a simple and beautiful style that cannot but be the envy of every folk-lorist: in no case has ethnological tinge been sacrificed to the exigencies of style, nor has there been wanting the fitting phrase in which to express the thought. Another element in the method of presentation particularly commends itself to us: the giving of the *dramatis personæ* and of a note at the very beginning of each story containing the necessary explanations. This seems to us much more satisfactory than interruptions every few paragraphs for a short excursion to the bottom of the page, and it enables one to enjoy and understand the point of the story all the more easily for knowing something of the setting in advance.

We cannot agree with the author that "from internal evidences . . . the local sources of these Tales were Arabian, or at least under Arabic, and perhaps even Egyptian, influences." Some of them—certainly the magic drum and the magic spear—suggest Arabic origin, but most of them are the animal tales that are characteristic of this area.

The rôle of the Leopard reminds us of the Coyote of the Plains Indians. He is always tricky, and, frequently, in the end, gets the worst of it. Tortoise is the wily one—the Br'er Rabbit—apparently worsted and outwitted but usually, though not always, wriggling out of the difficulty and escaping with his life.

To the reviewer the book has been a caution against too rapidly inferring contact from a study of correspondence in folk-tales. No one who has familiarized himself with the Hopi tales can fail to detect the likeness between the role of Leopard in the Mpongwe tales and of Coyote in Indian mythology. Even in such details as Coyote grasping the tail of Rabbit and letting go on being told that he has not Rabbit's tail but some other object, we find parallels.

Rat called out, "Friend Njêgâ! what do you think you have caught hold of?" "Your tail!" said Leopard. Said Rat, "That is not my tail! this other thing near you is my tail!" So Leopard let go of the tail, and seized the root (p. 45).

The blowing of the pepper by Rat into Frog's eyes is similar to the

(under)

WHERE
ANIMALS
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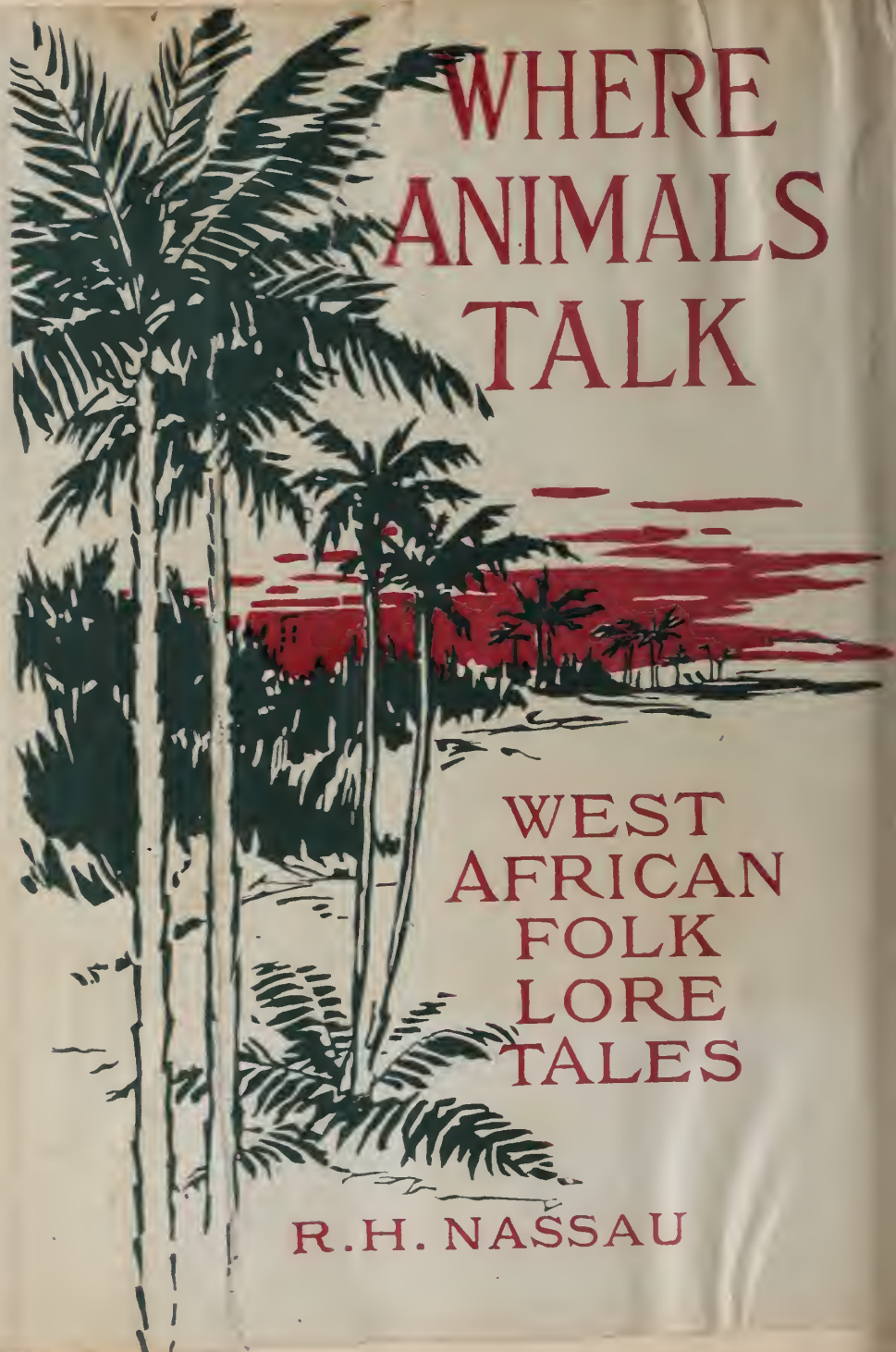
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BADGER

WHERE ANIMALS TALK

WEST
AFRICAN
FOLK
LORE
TALES

R.H. NASSAU



NEWS

ENTERTAINMENT

DEC. 6 1914

Missionary in Africa

by Robert Hamill Nassau.
The Neale Publishing

A volume of a medical mission-
ary's narrative of daily in-
tercourse sixteen years in equa-
torial Africa. The narrative is
highly detailed. No incident
is too important to be re-
corded. There are obvious advantages
in following such a plan.

A narrative of this sort-
is more complete and the
facts of the picture are truer
but there are also disad-
vantages. One of the latter is the
length. The narrative is spun out
to a considerable length. Dr Nassau's
editor is inclined to predict,
for more readers if it were
reduced to a third as large as it is,
that special student approaches
with enthusiasm a book of 700
pages. Nevertheless, it should be said
that no one is interested in mission-
ary work in heathen countries will find this

volume none too long. It is not only
a simple, unaffected account of one
man's devotion; it is a most enlighten-

ing study of the natives of equatorial
West Africa, of conditions among
them, of their needs, of their charac-
ter, of the problems which the mis-
sionary who goes among them must
face. It is a monument to the author
and it should be a beacon light to those
who would follow in his footsteps.

Cloth. Price \$3 net. Pp 700. Illustrated
with photographs and sketches. From
the publishers.

DAVIS, of Schenectady.

MADE RECORD OF SERVICE TO HIS CREDIT.

"It would be a tremendous task in a
brief article to recite the character of
all the rituals. Some of them, by the
names I have mentioned. Identity
themselves. For example, the burden-
strap ceremony relates to the indus-
tries of the women. The strap is that
used by the women in carrying fuel and
food for the family. A man who takes
this degree does it in honor of his wife.
But perhaps the most interesting of
all the rituals is that of the story of
the people, acted out and recited.
The sky people occupying the north
side of the oval, known as the Hung-
n people, as the story relates, were spir-
itual beings, residing in the heaven
who wanted to take on a material in-
and obtain an earthly dwelling place.
So they went to the Sun, and, address-
ing him as father, made known their
desires. The Sun replied that he was
their father but that he would not let

THE VARIOUS DEGREES.

or the taking of life.
all references to the shedding of blood.
monies, but they avoid, or try to avoid,
those used in the more warlike cere-
monies. The same rituals and songs as
clans have their own ceremonies and
ing of them into the tribe. These peace
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may say parenthetically, have to do
The two peace clans of the lodge, I
the true and other tribes.



"The Presbyterian"
Aug. 12th 1915

RIAN

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IN MEMORIAM

All obituaries or resolutions over three lines to be paid for at the rate of ten cents per line.

MISS ISABELLA HAMILL GOSMAN

In Princeton, N. J., on July 12, 1915, there was held a funeral service which marked the passing of a life worth noting. Miss Isabella Hamill Gosman was the daughter of Rev. Abraham Gosman, D.D., for forty-four years pastor of the Lawrenceville church.

Trained by Christian parents, she grew through a lively and active childhood and girlhood, to be a lovely and useful woman.

She united with the Church while still a young girl, and early took part in its Sabbath-school and missionary work, as well as in its social activities. After the death of her father, Miss Gosman took up library work in Princeton. Her mind was well suited to this work, and she found pleasure in it. She will be greatly missed in the Theological Seminary Library.

But especially in the First Presbyterian church will her loss be felt. She believed that a life given to Christ should be lived not only for self and friends, but for the Church and its fellowship. The prayer-meeting was a regular engagement, and one to which she brought others. To her the Bible was sacred, and the fashionable doubts and difficulties had no weight with a faith that held fast to "Thus saith the Lord."

She lived with a true sense of proportion. The busy hours of work were not permitted to crowd out deeds of kindness and friendship, thoughts and words of spiritual truth, and the world's welfare, and time for communion with God. A life like this may well be studied, for such a life *should be* that of the average Christian.

Presbytery Meetings

LONG ISLAND—Remsenburg, N. Y.;
—S. M.

DEATH OF REV. W. H. ROBINSON

Word has just been received in Wooster, of the death of Rev. W. H. Robinson. He died — The Grove City Hospital at 9 a.m. on Saturday July 10th. was buried today at Pittsburg by the side of Mrs. Robinson.

In May 11 Mr. Robinson performed the ceremony at the marriage of his daughter Alice to Rev. Gray Alter, three weeks later at the ordination of Mr. Alter. Mr. Robinson gave the charge to the pastor soon after that he became ill and was taken to the hospital. Rev. W. H. Robinson was graduated from Washington and Jefferson College in the class of 1878 and from the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny in the class of 1881. z

The Rev. W. C. Gault was his classmate in both College and Seminary.

When Rev. and Mrs. Gault sailed for Africa in Oct. 1881. Mr. Robinson accompanied them. but was only able to remain in the Mission work for two years on account of African fever. He returned to America and in 1884 he was united in marriage to Miss Mattie Jones of Pittsburg a member of Dr. Scovel's church.

Together they set sail for Africa but after one year of service they were compelled to return to America.

After giving up the African work The Board of Foreign Missions sent them to Mission work in Chili. There they were able to remain for nine years during which time their only child (Alice) was born.

After their return from Chili Mr. Robinson was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Glenn Campbell, Pa.

Later they came to reside in Wooster for the education of their daughter.

Mrs. Robinson died here ^{Jan.} June 6 1913. In 1914 Alice and her father removed to Indiana, Pa.

Mr. Robinson was in his sixty third year, not a long life, but a life full of good works and of service for Foreign Missions.

The present address of Alice is, Mrs. Wm. Gray Alter.

Jackson Center, Penn. R. D. No. 19.

April 10, 1915

SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

Second Meeting in Fayetteville, the First Having Been Held 130 Years Ago—Distinguished Men of This State and Elsewhere in Attendance.

The old Revolutionary organization known as the Society of the Cincinnati held its annual meeting in this city today. This is the second time it has met in Fayetteville, the first meeting being held 130 years ago, in 1785. The society was organized on hereditary principles by officers of the Continental Army at the close of the Revolutionary war in 1783, Washington being its first President and serving until his death. The North Carolina State Society was organized at Hillsborough in October, 1783, a few months after the organization of the General Society in that year. The present officers of the North Carolina Society, all of whom are present today, are: Hon. Wilson G. Lamb, of Williamston, N. C., president; Mr. John C. Daves, of Baltimore, Vice-president; Mr. Marshall de Lancey Haywood, of Raleigh, secretary; Mr. Walter D. Carstaphen, of Plymouth, N. C., treasurer; Mr. John Bradley Lord, of Brooklyn, N. Y., assistant secretary; Col. Bennehan Cameron, of Stagville, N. C., assistant treasurer, and the Right Rev. Joseph Blount Cheshire, D. D., of Raleigh, chaplain. Among the other members present are Brigadier-General Charles L. Davis, U. S. Army; Commodore William S. Hogg and Medical Director Nelson M. Ferebee, U. S. Navy; Mr. Walter W. Watt, of Charlotte; Mr. Haywood Clark, of Wilmington; Dr. H. A. Cotten, of Trenton, N. J.; Mr. James Boyd of Southern Pines, N. C.; Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh; Mr. W. F. Williams, of the Virginia Society, and Mayor J. D. McNeill of this city, who is a member of the Delaware State Society of the Cincinnati.

The following new members were elected:

1. William McRee of St. Louis, Mo., great grandson of Major Griffith John McRee, original member.
2. Bennett Dunlap Nelme of Ansonville, N. C., great-great-grandnephew of Lieutenant-Colonel James Ingram, died in the service.
3. Porter Grier Polk of Danville, Pa., great-great-grandnephew of Lieutenant Thomas Polk, died in the service.
4. Sterling Clack Robertson of Phoenix, Arizona, great-great-grandnephew of Major Charles Robertson, rule of 1854.
5. William Alexander Smith of Ansonville, N. C., great-great-grandson of Lieutenant Hugh Montgomery, died in the service.
6. Ernest Matthews Green of New Bern, N. C., great-grandson of Lieutenant Joseph Green, rule of 1854.
7. John Gray Blount of Memphis, Tenn., great-great-grandson of Colonel Jacob Blount, original member.

Mayor McNeill delivered the address of welcome, and then read the Declaration of Independence adopted at Liberty Point, which on motion was spread on the minutes of the Association.

This afternoon Mayor McNeill and some of his friends gave the Society an automobile trip to see principal points of our city. The annual dinner of the Society will be held at the Hotel LaFayette this evening.

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June 2, 1915

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MERITS AND FAULTS OF "BILLY" SUNDAY

The Editor of a Well-known Religious Paper Considers What May Be Said on Both Sides

Nolan K. Best in the Continent.

THE Rev. William A. Sunday is today thoroughly established in the appreciation and confidence of the evangelical churches of America as a pre-eminent efficient evangelist. The general verdict of Protestant opinion is: "No man can do these signs except God be with him." But while the church thus confers on Mr. Sunday its indorsement, a critical world challenges it to say whether by this it approves certain much-debated idiosyncrasies of his. To this challenge the church can only make candid answer. It does believe Mr. Sunday to be a man with a divine commission, but that does not prevent it from deploring in him many shortcomings. This, however, yields nothing to trifling cavils from the unfriendly and supercilious. It is puerile to carp at Mr. Sunday's slang, his platform antics and such like eccentricities. At the worst, these things are but breaches of taste. The only things in which the church has need to allow discount from its favor for Mr. Sunday are such things as subtract from his imitation and interpretation of the Master he preaches.

Thus the church is bound to repudiate Mr. Sunday's irreverence. It is not his familiarity with his Lord which evokes criticism. A holy intimacy with Christ is every Christian's privilege. Mr. Sunday offends not by intimacy, but by a happy-go-lucky air of equality with his Master—especially in what he represents to be public prayer. Apparently, Mr. Sunday never yet has heard the mystic whisper, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Instead of stealing hushed and awe-struck to the garment of God, the evangelist bolts into the divine presence like a gossiping neighbor "dropping around" for a chat. This is not reverence, and reverence is vital to religion. Mr. Sunday's chumminess with his Creator is no wholesome example. It is pointless to complain of the frequency and freedom with which Mr. Sunday talks of hell. The gospel note which he emphasizes with this unmistakable word is a note that ought to have larger place in modern preaching. The present-day preacher follows Paul in reasoning gently of "righteousness and self-control," but evades "judgment to come." Mr. Sunday puts it all in. But his fault is that in preaching hell he preaches it with gusto instead of anguish and yearning.

The great sums of money which the people bestow on Mr. Sunday in "free-will offerings" are nothing to be counted against him. It is only fair to recognize that he adopted this method for his own compensation when the returns from it were very problematical. No sordid motives can be traced in Mr. Sunday's original consecration to evangelistic work. The zeal with which Mr. Sunday still maintains his financial plans against all modification now that he has discovered in them an El Dorado, and the subtle ways in which from the platform he encourages extravagant gifts, suggest painfully that he is not today as indifferent to the glitter of gold as when he started on his work.

But far the most serious defect about Mr. Sunday is the absence of sign that he has been in that school to which Jesus invited his disciples when he said: "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

He knows so little of what Mary learned at the feet of Jesus that he has even ridiculed in one of his sermons the religion of the woman whom Jesus praised for having "chosen the good part"—a dissent from the inspired word of God which the most extreme of higher critics can hardly in any instance have equaled. And there is at least one text of Paul from which it would be impossible for the present Mr. Sunday to preach, "I myself entreat you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ."

In a word, Mr. Sunday is unprepared to represent to men the tenderness, the compassion and the humility of Jesus—peculiarly not the humility. And that is a serious blank to leave in an evangelistic gospel or in an evangelistic personality. It results not only in un-Christlike harshness toward sinners, but (even sadder) in lofty scorn toward fellow Christians. When Mr. Sunday declares the failure of his brother ministers, he speaks as one superior to the faults he denounces—even as the Pharisee who prided himself on being "not as the rest of men."

Mr. Sunday preaches enough gospel to bring men into the kingdom. He does bring men into the kingdom. Therefore the church upholds him. But seeing he is at one and the same time a man of great power, great possibility and great evil, there ought to be a stronger

"The Swarthmore News"
Pa. Oct. 15th 1915

A MEMORABLE EVENT

The Community Welfare Club's celebration of the 80th birthday of the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, D. D., held in the Borough Hall, on Monday evening, passed off very successfully and pleasantly. A High School student, William Polk, began the exercises with the reading of an essay on "Peace." He was presented at its close with a prize book by Mrs. J. R. Bennett, who acted as temporary director of ceremonies. An address was made by Rev. J. R. Bennett, D. D., pastor of the Calvary Baptist church of Chester, who was followed by the Rev. L. G. Jordan, D. D., secretary of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, of Philadelphia, whose amusing talk called forth frequent ripples of laughter from the audience. Dr. Wm. I. Hull, of Swarthmore College, the representative of the white race among the speakers, after an appropriate preliminary speech, in which he brought out the thought that many of the white people had laid down their lives a willing sacrifice in behalf of their African brethren, quoting the well known names of Robert Moffat, Livingston and others in proof of his assertions, referring in almost felicitous manner to Dr. Nassau's 45 years of untiring service in the dark continent, as a messenger of the Prince of Peace and to the labors of his sister, Miss Isabel, whose 38 years of work were only ended by her death in her adopted country, presented Dr. Nassau, with

(Continued on page four)

A MEMORABLE EVENT
(Continued from Page One.)

a handsome gold pendant in the shape of a book with the remark that the Master's cross, so patiently borne by Dr. Nassau, had become the crown of glory of his later years. This was suitably inscribed and decorated on the reverse side with a miniature jeweled crown, and was given to him by his many friends, both light featured and dark, in token of their esteem and warm appreciation of his labors on American and African soil for the benefit and uplift of the untaught and downtrodden among men. The presentation was a complete surprise to Dr. Nassau, who was, nevertheless, equal to the occasion, and who responded with evident emotion and pleasure in a few well chosen remarks.

Mr. Edward G. Dickerson, a member of the Philadelphia bar, was the next speaker, expressing his sympathy with the work being done for his people, and his deep appreciation of Dr. Nassau's labors of faith and love. The final number on the program was a recitation, "The Lost Chord," by Miss Henderson, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Nassau was tendered an impromptu reception at the close of the celebration, many persons coming forward to offer him their good wishes and hearty congratulations.

The Community Welfare Club has accomplished much of good during the brief term of its existence, a feature of its work being the two scholarships secured to the Girls' National Training School in Washington, D. C. and the Chautauqua work that has been carried on through the summer in a tent temporarily placed upon the ground.

It is earnestly hoped and believed by friends of the cause that the accomplishments of the past are but an earnest of much greater achievements in the future.

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"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us,"

HENRY ROMEIKE, Inc.

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Date Nov 26 1915

JUNGLE TALK.

"Where Animals Talk." West African Folk
Lore Tales. By Robert Hamill Nassau.
5s net. (London: Duckworth and Co.)

Est "The Orient Pearls": Indian Folk Lore. By
Shovona Devi. 2s 6d net. (London:
Macmillan and Co.)

Both these books reveal the effect of the
contact of European civilisation on the current
thought of native communities, and its ineffec-
tiveness as touching their attitude of mind.
As contrasted with fairy tales, the striking
characteristic of folk tales is that animals talk
and think as humankind, not having a language
of their own, only to be interpreted by magical
power. In the volumes noted above, this is
clearly evidenced, though we have narratives
on the one hand from the Mpongwe, Benga,
Banaka, and Bulu tribes of Africa, and, on the
other, from Indians of an old civilisation.
Naturally there are important differences to
be noted. Racial customs and outlooks estab-
lish their position, and even the characters of
animals differ in different lands. The Indian
tales lay constant stress on a threefold oath
which is irrevocable, while the African has no
idea of the moral value of numbers. Few of
the tales have been previously published, and
the contents of the volumes are a decided
acquisition to our stock of folk lore.

The African tales show a marvellous variety,
and parallel those current in other lands. In
what cases they are originals of tales else-
where current remains for the expert to decide.
Suggestive notes precede each story, and a
useful index of animal names employed by
five West African equatorial tribes is appended.
The American negro tales, familiarised by
"Uncle Remus," are paralleled here with the
leopard as the villain, the rat as the rogue,
and the tortoise as the sage. Indian tales are
suggested by "Why chickens live with man-
kind," and "How goats became domesticated."

Address London, England

Date Nov 26 1915

WHERE ANIMALS TALK.†

MR. NASSAU has translated into English a number of West
African legends and folk-lore tales which have been recited to
him by natives. The result is a collection of delightful stories,
half fable, half fairy-tale, set forth with a quaint charm
which is most attractive. The characters are chiefly animals
and birds, and Mr. Nassau has given them a dialogue both
humorous and picturesque. Where all are enjoyable it is
difficult to select any for special mention, but perhaps the
first tale in the book, entitled "Do Not Trust Your Friend,"
in which the crafty Wild Rat outwits the big stupid Leopard,
is one of the best. Another equally amusing is "Tug of
War," in which the Tortoise pits the Elephant against
the Hippopotamus, to their mutual undoing and his own
glorification. We cannot, unfortunately, find space to quote
from the book at length, but we give the following on the
subject of "Who are Crocodile's Relatives?" as an example
of Mr. Nassau's work:—

"Crocodile was very old. Finally he died. News of his death
spread abroad among the Beasts; and his relatives and friends

* A.B.C. of Heraldry. By Guy Cadogan Bothery. London: Stanley Paul
and Co. [5s. net.]

† Where Animals Talk. By Robert H. Nassau. London: Duckworth and
Co. [5s. net.]

came to the Mourning. After a proper number of days had
passed, the matter of the division of the property was mentioned.
At once a quarrel was developed, on the question as to who
were his nearest relatives. The tribe of Birds said, 'He is ours
and we will be the ones to divide the property.' Their claim was
disputed, others asking, 'On what ground do you claim relation-
ship? You wear feathers; you do not wear plates of armor as
he.' The Birds replied, 'True, he did not wear our feathers. But
you are not to judge by what he put on during his life. Judge
by what he was in his life's beginning. Look you! In his
beginning, he began with us as an egg. We believe in eggs.
His mother bore him as an egg. He is our relative, and
we are his heirs.' But the Beasts said, 'Not so! We are
his relatives, and by us shall his property be divided.' Then
the Council of Animals demanded of the Beasts on what ground
they based their claim for relationship, and what answer they
could make to the argument of the birds as to Crocodile's
egg-origin. The Beasts said, 'It may be true that the mark
of tribe must be found, in a beginning, but not in an egg.
For, all Beings began as eggs. Life is the original beginning.
Look you! When life really begins in the egg, then the mark of
tribe is shown. When Ngando's life began, he had four legs as
we have. We judge by legs. So we claim him as our relative.
And we will take his property.' But, the Birds answered, 'You
Beasts said we were not relatives because we wear feathers, and
not ngando-plates. But, you, look you! Judge by your own
words. Neither do you wear ngando-plates, you with your hair
and fur! Your words are not correct. The beginning of his life
was not, as you say, when little Ngando sprouted some legs. There
was life in the egg before that. And his egg was like ours, not
like what you call your eggs. You are not his relatives. He is
ours.' But the Beasts disputed still. So the quarrel went back
and forth. And they never settled it."

Apart from the pleasure the book should give to ordinary
readers, the tales are particularly suitable for the reciter and
the story-teller.

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Date Nov 13 1915

BIG-GAME AND AFRICAN FOL

By Sir H. H. JOHNSTON.

"Tiger Slayer by Order (The Adventures of Mr. Digby Police)." By C. E. Gouldsbury. (Chapman and Hall.) 7s. 6

"The Rediscovered Country." By Stewart Edward White, and Stoughton.) 10s. 6d.

"Where Animals Talk; West African Folk-Lore Tales Nassau. (Duckworth and Co.) 5s.

Established

Mr. Digby Davies, thirty years ago, at the went out to seek his fortune in India. He wished "professional big-game hunting," but fortunately of India found it was practically tabooed. However in time an official slayer of tigers in the district as well as an agent of the Bombay Government in Bhil tribe. His post as tiger-slayer seems to have given him permission to kill anything else in the way of big game. He took advantage to bring down some remarkable animals, the mighty bovine the Gaur, which, with the irritation of Anglo-Indians to misnomers, he persists in calling just as, with a like Anglo-Saxon perversity, the American bison a buffalo.

The book under review is packed with interest, and it is admitted even by a soured naturalist like myself that all this killing of big game as a monstrous anachronism would have rated Mr. Digby Davies and all of his kind if they had displayed their courage and skill in the life habits of the magnificent creatures they are exterminate.

Incidentally, much light is thrown on the Indian people, and several of Mr. Davies's photographs are marked is the Australoid physical type amongst the tribes of India. Several of his shikaris might well have been Australian aborigines. The book is illustrated with a recent series of photographs of beasts, especially of Indian elephants, Indian leopards, African lions, the Lesser Kudu of Somaliland, and the magnificent Gaur of India. It passes one's comprehension—I suppose it is too new-fashioned—how the Government of India with equanimity the extermination of such magnificent types as the Gaur, the Central Asian ibexes (and the Central Asia now comes under the Government of India) forms quite as remarkable as some of the strangest extinct mammalia.

A NOTED MISSIONARY

In the Princeton Alumni Weekly of February 23 appears the second paper of a series from the pen of Rev. Robert H. Nassau, D. D., concerning Princeton University in years gone by, this special article being called "The College in the Fifties." It is a most interesting account of the doctor's entrance into this great place, his subsequent experiences and associations as a student, and the influences that, in the providence of God, roused within him that strong sympathy for the negro race, that finally sent him to his life work as a missionary to Africa. In the editorial columns of this same issue, after a highly laudatory reference to Dr. Nassau and his splendid work for humanity, there are quoted some excerpts, in Dr. Nassau's own words, regarding his impressions of a visit to Princeton after forty years of service as a medical missionary in West Africa. It is an account that stirs and thrills the blood of those to whom Princeton University is but a name. That institution may well be proud that numbers amongst its graduates those whose lives add to its annals such abiding lustre and renown.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Charles G Trumbull, of the Sunday School Times, will occupy the pulpit on next Sabbath morning and evening.

From
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AFRICAN FOLK-LORE,

WHERE ANIMALS TALK. West African Folk-Lore Tales. By Robert H. Nassau. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

These efforts of black and unlettered Kiplings bear witness to the strength of the passion, common to almost every race, for story-telling. It would almost seem that the universal taste for fiction arises from a revolt against the realities of life, for the dullest invention seems to children and savages more interesting than the most entertaining fact. These ingenuous stories of talking and reasoning animals are very like the little tales invented by some nursery romancer. There is in them little of the piquancy of the unexpected, and no sense of literary artifice. They have the same elaborate mystery, the spirit of "let's pretend," and yet they deal in the baldest and least exciting realism. Even the miracles are profoundly dull. From the element of magic, so frequently introduced, Mr. Nassau is inclined to trace these stories, which are very ancient, despite the constantly growing modern accretions, to an Arabian origin. This is consistent with the fact that the Bantu negro has Arabic blood in him.

The narrators of these stories, of which the native never wearies, despite their extreme triteness, are a special class. Only a few men, and still fewer women, achieve a reputation as story-tellers. The tales are told in the evening after the day's work is done in the open village streets, or in forest camps. The recital is accompanied by the drum at intervals, and parts of the plot are illustrated by an appropriate song or a short dance. The stories do not lend themselves to compression or quotation, as the plots are generally vague and tedious, and an instinct for epigram seems to be totally absent. The book will hardly compete in popular interest with Mr. Kipling's account of the inhabitants of the wilds, but the collection is one which no student of folk-lore can well ignore.

SANFORD R. KNAPP HONORED.

First Presbyterian Church Celebrates
Fiftieth Anniversary of Its Oldest
Elder—Social in Honor of
Mr. and Mrs. Knapp.

The First Presbyterian Church honored one of its elders last (Friday) evening and incidentally honored another of its workers. A social was held in the chapel in honor of the fifty years of service as an elder rendered by Sanford R. Knapp. He with Mrs. Knapp were the guests of honor of the evening. The affair was entirely informal and was most enjoyable.

Sanford R. Knapp was born in Peekskill, December 8, 1832, the son of Sanford R. Knapp, a physician of high reputation and extensive practice. His mother was Mary Brown, of Peekskill. He prepared for college at the Peekskill Military Academy and graduated from Princeton in 1854 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was admitted to the bar in 1856.



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His studies in law were carried on in the office of Edward Wells, and in addition to his home training the religious atmosphere of the office tended toward the church, and on April 13, 1858, he united with the First Presbyterian Church. Hon. Chauncey M. Depew became a member of the same church at the same time.

In the year 1856, prior to his admission to membership, he was made a trustee of the church and is now holding that office. He was made treasurer of the benevolences of the church, and on the death of Seth H. Mead was made treasurer of the church, which office he still holds.

His ability and active work in the church made him a logical choice for the eldership, and on April 15, 1866, he was made an elder, the fiftieth anniversary of which was celebrated last evening. He is the oldest living officer of the church, and but one member antedates him in membership.

In the year 1865, a meeting, was held at the home of Dr. Halliday, when a committee was appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the more practical organization of the Sunday School. On October 30 of that year the report of the committee was adopted and Mr. Knapp was elected superintendent of the Sunday school. He held that office until he was succeeded by Charles E. Fowler in 1872. In 1886, Mr. Knapp was again chosen superintendent of the school and held the office for six years.

Mr. Knapp has found time in his busy life as a lawyer to be a trustee of the Peekskill Savings Bank and its secretary since 1863; to be identified with the Cortlandt Cemetery Association; the Peekskill Board of Trade; for thirty years secretary of the Board of Trustees of School District No. 7; secretary and president of the Board of Trustees of the Peekskill Academy; a water commissioner of the village, and many other public affairs for the benefit of the village. In all this, however, he has never neglected his church work, and has been one of the active workers up to the present time.

Mr. Knapp married in October, 1861, Georgia N. Knox, daughter of Rev. John P. Knox, of Newtown, L. I., and in all his church activities he has been ably seconded by Mrs. Knapp and together they received the congratulations of those who love them last evening.

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